IT IS SPORTING

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 27. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING MAY 8, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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Sample coat sent on receipt of covering amount, or Banker's or trade references.
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A distinctive, skirty, unlined Overcoat, with satin-lined sleeves. In showerproofed Covert Coatings.

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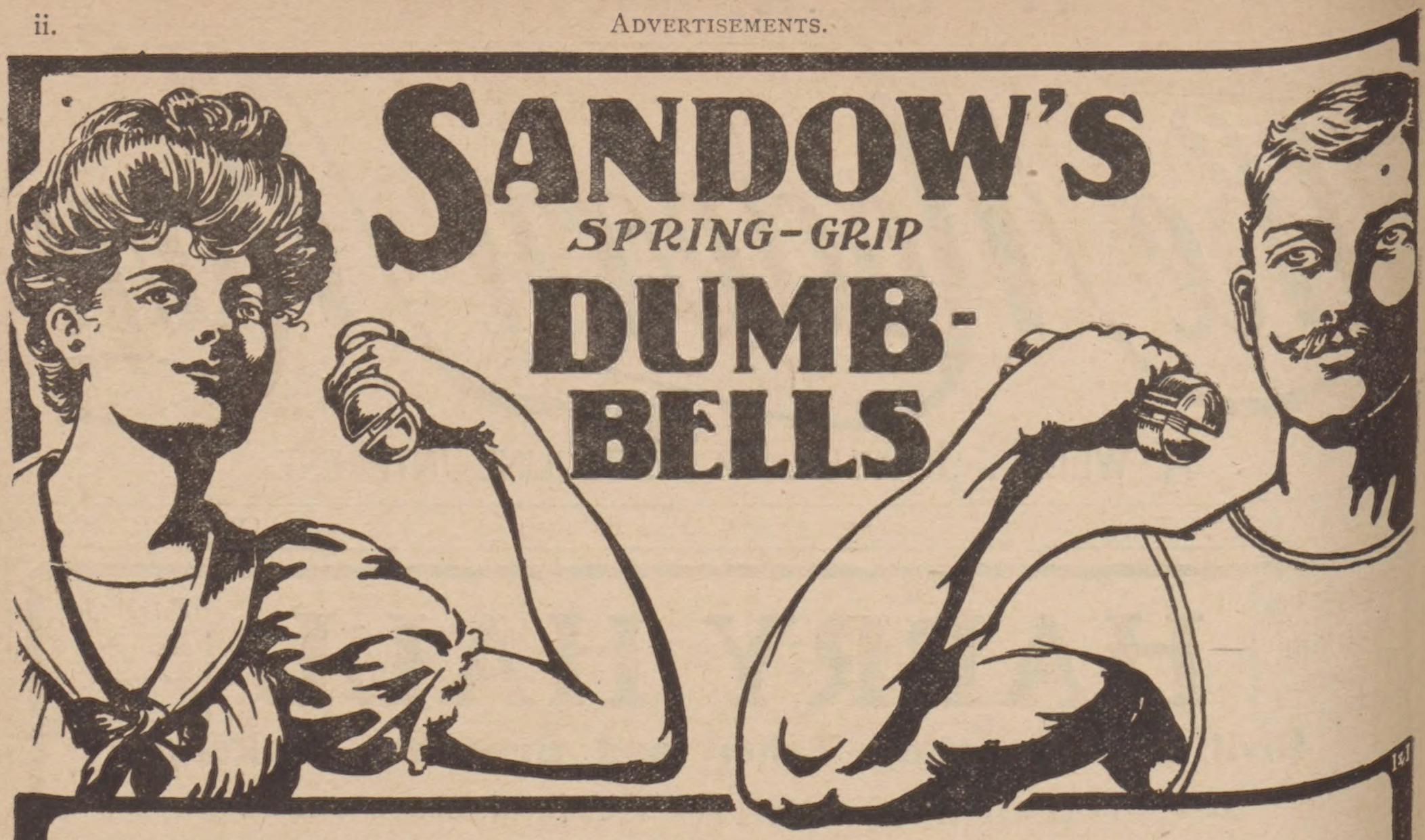

SANDOW'S SPRING GRIP DUMB-BELLS

For ONE PENNY A DAY until Paid for.

Perfect Health and Strength and a Muscular Development to be proud of can now be obtained for the small sum of *ONE PENNY PER DAY.*

DON'T DELAY. ORDER AT ONCE.

A Splendid Muscular Development within the reach of every British Man or Boy.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, which have risen to be the leading Physical Culture appliance of the world, were invented with the direct idea of forcing the user to concentrate his mind on the particular muscle or group of muscles exercised.

SANDOW'S SYSTEM.

It is this vital principle of concentration which has enabled the Sandow System to attain an enormous success in every quarter of the world, and it enables the pupil to attain perfect Health and Strength and Development by using the Grip Dumb-Bells regularly for

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This is very little time to ask you to give to the development of your body, and, as you well know, the strenuous times in which we live make it absolutely necessary for every man and youth who wishes to be successful to be the happy possessor of sound, vigorous, all-round health, strong, supple muscles and limbs, perfect digestion, a clear active brain, and nerves of steel, and the Grip Dumb-Bells are able to give you all this, and more.

To prove to you the truth of all we claim for these Dumb-Bells we are prepared to make you the following exceptional offer, viz.:

1. TO USE SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS FREE OF COST FOR 30 DAYS.

Send your order for Dumb-Bells, together with the necessary amount of cash in P.O., to our address, and we will send by return, carriage paid, the pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells desired. With the Dumb-Bells we shall include (free of charge) a complete set of charts for a month's work. These have been specially prepared by Mr. Sandow.

You can then use the Dumb-Bells for thirty days, and if at the end of that period you are not satisfied with the results, send them back, and we will return your money in full. We stand all risk.

The above offer is, as you will see, a very generous one; but we have come to the conclusion that it might be inconvenient for you to pay the whole amount at once, and as we have a great belief in the honesty of the readers of this paper, we make you Offer No. 2, viz.:

2. YOU CAN PAY FOR THE GRIP DUMB-BELLS BY INSTALMENTS OF ONE PENNY A DAY.

We will immediately, on receipt of postal order for 2s. 6d., send you, post free, a pair of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, together with a complete set of charts for a month's work. These have been specially prepared by Mr. Sandow.

The balance to be paid in monthly instalments of 2s. 6d. (equal to One Penny per day). No references or other formalities are necessary; simply send your order, together with half-a-crown, and the Dumb-Bells will reach you by return of post.

The Dumb-Bells are made in the following sizes and prices:

GENTLEMEN'S Nickel-plated, leather-cloth-covered handles, weight about 3 lbs. each Dumb-bell; 7 adjustable springs. Price **12/6** per pair, or **2/6** down & balance by four monthly instalments of **2/6** each.

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The Grip Dumb-Bells are sent post free, securely packed, with fully illustrated Charts, containing the fundamental exercises of the Sandow System, in addition to a quantity of other valuable information, with hints on how, when, and where to exercise.

In conclusion, we would remind you that these Dumb-Bells build up organic as well as muscular strength. Their use enriches the blood, and they are absolutely safe, and speedily relieve any diseases resulting from a sedentary life. They make you strong like SANDOW, and enable you to attain that dominant will-power that has made Great Britain the leading nation upon earth.

The Springs being removable, they can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete, and are a perfect and complete Physical Culture Outfit. Address all communications to—

Room 39, SANDOW HALL, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

. 27. WEEK ENDING MAY 8TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

DUCATIONAL FOLLY.

A PROTEST.

it ever struck you that we are allowing, en encouraging, a useless torture which inflicted upon the rising generation? ix solid hours for five days of the week, ys and girls are penned within the four f a depressing school-room.

ast this I do not lift my pen, for life e intolerable with the raucous voices of oungsters dinning into our ears all day. uch better to hear them following their nistress in a hideous imitation of her half- elocution voice, to listen to the exag- inflections with which the end of the sentence heaves up, and to consider the le self-control of the teacher in refraining ughing, provided he or she is possessed nse of humour.

torture we allow to be inflicted is the f home lessons after hours.

ours of work per day is more than enough oungster, and to encourage them to be- rinds or swots is to encourage them to their health and sacrifice it for the ment of foolish nonsense which will never e remotest value, unless on growing up opt the profession of teaching and pass information to other unfortunates.

he present moment a little boy is ged to sit up till midnight learning his

acquires them not the teacher protests, stick; if he absorbs them thoroughly and them to the teacher glibly, he is voted a od boy, he becomes conceited, and other ys knock chips off him and he wonders is so hard for good little boys. ps he never finds out.

ildren had sense enough to protest, or had any means of organising a move- ve should have the case of the children to our notice as one of the things most needing reform.

teachers are beginning to realise the folly present system of education, and on their sponsibility are cutting down the amount ome lessons. May their wise example be followed.

all, what does school education matter? don't learn anything at school that helps after life; what does Latin matter to who is going to be a farmer—what does r to anybody, if it comes to that. ls are necessary. They are places of detention and I would not have them d, because life would be unbearable if ngsters were about all day—as you find bank holidays. But I do think their lot e made happier and their burden lighter. not unkind to our convicted criminals; erwork the prisoners of our schools? uld like to see some sort of combination t parents, by which they pledged them- o prevent any lessons being done at I am very certain the teachers would not such a movement.

ALFRED GOUGH.

CHEEK.

Mr. Henry Hamilton's advice to playgoers: Go to the "Devil"—his new play of that name, which was lately produced at the Adelphi Theatre.

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We have got "The Devil" at the Adelphi; "The Earth" at the Kingsway may be taken as standing for the "World," while presumably the "Chorus Lady" at the Vaudeville completes a well-known trinity.

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The Suffragettes have been learning ju-jitsu. "Robert" will be pleased.

* * * * * * *

They call it Inconstantinople now.

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A gentleman, writing to the papers, suggests that a special regiment of Territorials should be formed of men from five feet to five feet four inches in height. They would, of course, be known as "Toy Terriers."

* * * * * * *

"The great art of love," says "The Tatler," "is to write little and burn all. Half the scandals of life would be averted if people only followed this admirable counsel." And many admirable counsel would be out of employment if they did.

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"Poster advertising is undoubtedly a fascinating branch of publicity, but it needs very skilful handling. The picture must tell its story, and the phrase used with it must tell its story," says "Modern Business." The trouble is that sometimes the stories told are fairy stories.

* * * * * * *

There are rumours of a women's suicide club having been discovered in New York. What of that? Most fashionable modern women belong to the race suicide club.

* * * * * * *

From the "Daily Telegraph"—"FRENCH MISTRESS WANTED, near Crystal Palace. Native, well educated, skilled in modern methods. Best references required. Write, Linguist." In the Spring a young man's fancy, etc., etc.

* * * * * * *

A contemporary describes ex-President Castro as "an international derelict." We understand, however, that he is not water-logged. N.B.—Castro is no Blue Ribbonite.

* * * * * * *

"Which Bird Sings Best?" is the title of an interesting article in a daily paper. Personally, we most love to hear the golden song of the oof-bird.

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Although the price of bread has gone up, that of cake remains the same. This is good news for the very poor. As a bygone French queen remarked when informed that the people had no bread, "Let them eat cake."

NORMAN FRASER.

OUR LOVE OF SPORT.

A DEFENCE OF A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC.

It has long been fashionable to decry any claims we may have as a nation to being considered either virtuous or competent. It is therefore interesting to have a look at the other side of the shield.

Unkind things are written about us in most Continental and American papers, and for the usual reason; people do not say unkind things about other people unless they are envious of them and appreciate their higher worth.

When a thoughtful Englishman goes abroad, he finds, in spite of the gaiety and the novelty of his surroundings, something which jars badly upon his feelings—it is the lack of true sportsmanship among foreigners.

They are inconsiderate to women, unkind to animals, excitable and liable to all excesses.

The Englishman, on the other hand, plays the game all the time.

Even though, as an individual, he may not actively engage in sport, still he has inherited sporting instincts from generations of sporting ancestors.

The recent disclosures concerning the lack of modern ships in our Navy, would have meant almost a revolution in any other country than this. The Houses of Parliament, had they stood in Paris and Berlin, would have been wrecked.

But that was not the way we took the matter.

It may be that we were too apathetic, but we have for so many centuries been accustomed to fighting against odds, that we are not very seriously alarmed when we learn that another nation is as powerful as ourselves.

That is one of the finest things about the Englishman. He is always ready to back himself, no matter whether his side appears to be the weaker.

There is one reason why the Women's Suffrage movement is not succeeding, and I do not recollect having seen it mentioned in print. It is that men believe that the majority of women are incapable of playing the game.

You will recollect how one Suffragette, after tacitly promising to behave herself, created a disturbance in the House of Commons. That is the sort of thing that a man would not think of doing. He would regard it as unsportsmanlike.

Our sports make us tough of body and hardy, but they do more for us than that. They maintain within us that sportsmanlike spirit which has been handed down to us by our fathers.

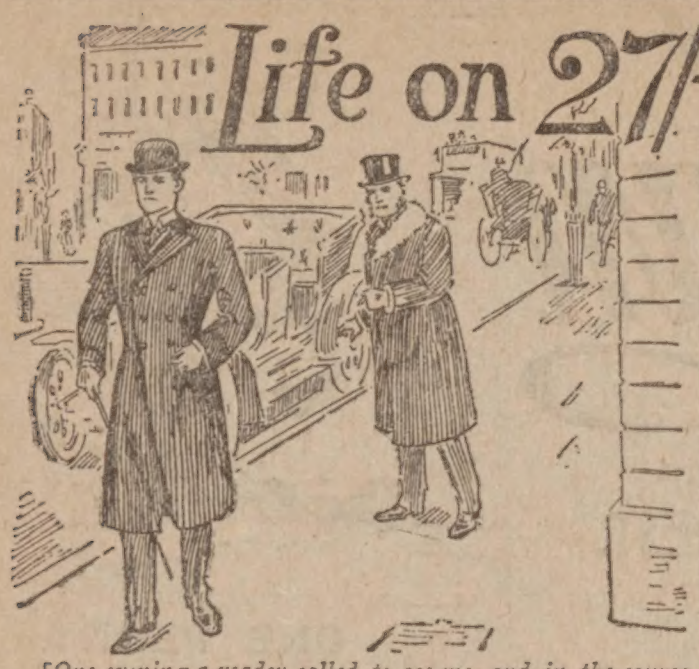
We play the game in politics, in business, in sweethearting, and in all other things that count.

In the Army, both officers and men regard warfare as a game, and they play up to one another. Trained to combine on the football or the polo ground, they work together in similar fashion when fighting.

That is why we can hold our own, that is why we do not take to heart the unkind things that are said about us.

KENNEDY WATSON.

Life on 27/- a week



[One evening a reader called to see me, and in the course of our chat he mentioned that his total income was 27/- a week. I had already observed that he was very well dressed, and I asked him to write me an article telling how he managed it. The following is the result, and I think you will find it of interest.—ED.]

While there are many hundreds of fellows who live on considerably less than 27s. a week, there are also hundreds who think it would be quite impossible for this sum to make a living wage. As one who has done it, my methods of living may be of interest, and perhaps of use.

I am a clerk, in London, and living in lodgings. On my arrival in town I sought out a Northern suburb, within very easy distance of the city. The return fare to several of these near Northern suburbs is only 2d. per day; this is a very great consideration, as in city life a very large proportion of the salaries earned go in season tickets. These suburbs, though near, are high and healthy, and fresh air is not such an unknown element as many suppose it to be.

MY DIGS.

After hunting about a bit, I saw in a window an advertisement offering apartments; on calling I found the landlady willing to let a large first-floor bed-sitting-room at 7s. a week, including gas. As for meals, I bargained to pay for each separately instead of planking down a weekly lump sum.

I have a good substantial breakfast, consisting of either bacon and egg, or all bacon, tea, coffee or cocoa, bread and butter, and marmalade; for this I am charged 6d.

I arranged to have a meat tea, consisting of cold meat, ham, fish, or two new-laid eggs, bread and butter, and jam; for this 9d. was the sum agreed upon.

On Sundays I have dinner, costing 1s. and including English meat, two vegetables, Yorkshire pudding, a sweet of some description, and cheese.

My lodgings and fares amount altogether to 17s. 6d. per week, when I am in to every meal. This leaves 9s. 6d. for other things.

INNER AND OUTER MAN.

On lunches I spend 8d. per day, sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. I put away 2s. weekly for clothes. My heaviest item in this respect is a lounge suit every ten months, costing £2 10s. or £2 15s.; a cheaper one I found dearer in the end, as is the case with most articles of clothing. As regards patterns, I always endeavour to choose something neat and quiet, for, seeing that I have to wear it for a year or two, I do not wish to be known by my clothes. I never get a navy blue serge, for, while such a suit always looks well when it is new, in a few months the stuff wears into a shine that won't budge with any amount of coaxing.

I always keep an old coat at the office, and change into it religiously. When I occupy a position which necessitates my sitting in front of an artistic high desk, on one of those more artistic high, hard stools, I find it a good wrinkle to spread two or three newspapers over the seat, for, besides making it softer to sit on, this saves one's trousers from getting shiny so quickly.

I have two pairs of boots yearly, generally paying 12s. 6d. a pair. I make a bowler hat last me for twelve months. After wearing it for six months, I take off the band and re-tie it, turning the ribbon over to the other side. I have a fair number of ties and every night I fold up the one I have been wearing during the day. By putting paper over my cuffs when at the office I keep my shirt trim-looking for a longer time than most people, and often I wear a cuffless flannel shirt. I find I need a clean collar every day, but altogether my laundry bill does not exceed a shilling weekly. My other washing I send home by post, costing about 7d. every three weeks.

I put away 6d. weekly to swell my Post Office banking account, and 1s. weekly towards my summer holidays.

THE BUDGET.

I smoke only once in a blue moon, as I have made up my mind not to do so regularly until I can better afford it, and as I am practically a teetotaler, these items of beer and baccy need hardly be taken into consideration.

So here is my weekly bill:

	s.	d.
Board and lodging	17	6
Lunches	4	0
Clothes	2	0
Bank	0	6
Holidays (summer)	1	0
Laundry	1	0
Incidentals	1	0
	£1	7 0

At Easter and Christmas, as my family lives only fifty miles from London, I always manage to get home, as the money I save on the meals I should have had in London practically pays my fare.

On 52s. I am not able to have a summer holiday on the Riviera, but a most enjoyable holiday may be spent on this small amount if you go the right way to work. Get a chum to go with you and share expenses equally—two can generally put up cheaper than one.

HOLIDAYS.

If you go to a seaside town, stop in a workman's cottage; it will probably be spotlessly clean, and two will be able to get in for 10s. each weekly, while one would have to pay 2s. 6d. more. There's nothing to be ashamed of in stopping at such a place, and you'll get better value for your money than if you put up at a try-to-be-smart boarding-house.

The shilling a week which I have ear-marked as "Incidentals," is usually allocated to some form of recreation. During the summer I generally manage one or two Sunday trips to the sea; it is possible to get a good distance from London for the day for 3s. 6d., and it helps you to come back fresh to work, cheerfully thinking that it won't be so very long till you get your next rise. R. WILLOUGHBY.

DEADLY DUST.

To the cyclist when a motor passes him on a dry road, the dust seems sufficiently vile, but there is another species of dust that often proves instantly fatal.

The sufferers are miners, millers and maltsters. The fine dust in coal mines explodes at the touch of flame with as much force as nitroglycerine, and it is to guard against this, and not against gas, that the miner's lamp is protected.

Why the dust of flour should be so explosive no one appears to know, but that it is so has been proved time and again; so also with the dust arising from the grinding of malt. Many a fine building has been levelled through a fire arising from an explosion of this dust.

One would not suppose that the occupations of the miller and the maltster were hazardous; yet these men are amongst the heroes of commerce, for they carry their lives in their hands.

ETIQUETTE.

IX. BEHAVIOUR AT MEALS.

The main thing in behaviour at meals, behaviour at all other times, is to be a appear natural.

That is to say, one wants to be absolut one's ease, but that happy state can nev attained if there remains in the mind slightest doubt as to the correct method o cedure.

It is to banish this doubt that I write article, and I trust that those readers already know the ropes will be indulgen will refrain from laughing at me for dis ing on what appears—to them—to be obvious; my notes may be useful to others

At one time it was considered bad for start eating at meals until everyone else been served, but this no longer holds good the same, if you are one of the first se moderate your pace.

Don't cut your bread with a knife; bre but that does not mean that you should crumbling it, as some nervous men do. put pieces of bread in your soup or in any dish. If bread is needed as an addition i be brought round in the form of toast dice, sauce, or bread crumbs. Never, of course, piece of bread to mop up gravy or to assis in getting anything on to your fork.

Don't mash your food up on your pla turn it over as if you were looking for thing in it, unless it happens to be plum ding, when a hunt for and finding of a bab will add to the general hilarity, more espe if you are a bachelor.

It may seem unnecessary to say, don't with your mouth full, yet many men neglec elementary rule of table etiquette.

If addressed in the act of mastication le speaker see that you have heard by lookin wards him or her, swallow your food at convenience, wipe your mouth, and then an

Most men know that they should wipe mouths after drinking, but many omit the ceremony before imbibing, with the result the glass is soiled with small particles of adhering to their lips.

Don't empty a glass of beer or wine gulp. Of course, if among men, and the is "no heel-taps," that is all very well, but ladies are present you don't want to conve impression that you are a sort of human sin

Never blow on your soup, or on tea. tea-party you should retain cup and sauc your hand, and to pour your tea into the s is to proclaim yourself a social Yahoo.

Don't use your handkerchief as a napkin, and, of course, don't use your napkin as a handkerchief.

When finger-glasses are served, don't h wash in them; just dip your fingers ligh the glass, drying them on your napkin.

Crowds of men who would not dream of e peas with a knife will do so with cheese to convey cheese to your mouth except on a of bread or biscuit is hopelessly wrong.

When you have finished a course, knife fork, or fork and spoon should be *quietly* p side by side in the centre of your plate, po fork or bowl of spoon uppermost.

When dishes are handed to you, use the or spoon and fork accompanying them an your own; thus, for example, don't spea potatoes in a vegetable dish with your own or help yourself to butter with your own kn

Don't roll your tongue round your mouth finishing a course, or use a toothpick in p

Wine decanters are passed round from l right; that is, the host starts them from hi hand and they go round until they return t right hand and you should be careful n break the circuit by passing a decanter acro backwards once you have helped yourself. for any reason you have to do so, then you s make the decanter describe a small circle i air and thus avert the bad luck which is s follow on passing wine the wrong way.

E. H. H

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SNAKE OF DESIRE

By R. D. CROMBIE.

e Boy stood without the soft- rtico of a famous restaurant ccadilly, and the Woman passed by slowly. s eyes followed her, and when she turned sauntered past again he was glad. is time she smiled at him, an understand- inviting smile.

impulse urged him forward; the shyness xperience held him back. But he returned mile.

rmed by the wine he had drunk, senses l, he longed for what he dared not get. en within him the Snake of Desire slowly led.

waited for her to return. saw her coming. She was beautiful. She alluring.

moved with the sinuous grace of a pan- a soft, rippling, cruelly passionate feline, quisitely-clothed splendour of a woman. this the Snake saw, looking through his

e Boy stepped down to the pavement and his hat.

the Woman also something stirred, but s—quickened by the courtesy—the desire ay, the realisation that here was a ny."

shook hands as if they had been friends ears.

walked along slowly, conversing intelli- on topics of irreproachable character. eclined his offer of supper.

s Woman was wise and subtle. e Boy would have paid for an expensive and wines. He was carrying enough y. More might stupefy him, rouse per- y in him, or—some illumining flash of might lay bare the reality of things and uld see her as she was.

had known such cases, and the look of orror in the young men's eyes had paved pockets while it left hers empty.

the Woman conversed intelligently, and oy became slowly sure that here was a nt companion with whom it would be nice k—and talk—and all the time the Snake of e bided its time, head upreared, ready to

* * * * * *

e Boy and the Woman stood on the kerb, oy hailing a taxi.

hering her profuse skirts round her, the an called an address to the driver and ed in.

changing streets, the consciousness of n, going he knew not where, the strange an beside him, made the Boy silent.

the Woman was silent, too, knowing just now was the crucial test for the ny."

nt burdened the air, languorous memory- ning scent. The Woman sighed.

ulsively the Boy felt for her with his hand he held it between hers, establishing a athy, a sense of protection.

e Boy felt he was in the presence of some- warm and comforting.

the Woman was comfortable in her mind, atisfied with her powers and the prospect y.

* * * * *

hange took place in her manner when they ut and the taxi sped silently away. adopted a mischievous mood as if they tenants.

sh!" she whispered, with a finger to her and then her teeth flashed.

was one of a row of handsome houses, ed into flats, and they walked up several s of stairs softly.

en she paused at a numbered door, inserted quickly, before awkwardness could attack as he watched, and the dark of an apart- loomed before them.

e Snake in the Boy writhed eagerly at the

Swiftly the Woman closed the door, and the Boy felt a warm, yielding body enfold him and lips fasten on his.

* * * * * * *

With a laugh she released him and switched on an electric light.

"Sit down and light your cigarette," she said hospitably, and the natural tone of her voice struck the Boy's mind with wonder.

He walked forward dizzily and sat down in a low upholstered armchair.

"Isn't it nice and cosy?" she said brightly, discarding her coat and fur and then withdrawing the pins from her hat and shaking her head back to loosen the crushed hair.

She busied about, getting some eatables and a bottle and two glasses, taking little notice of him and chatting with familiar freedom.

The Boy looked at her.

His face was flushed, the eyes rimmed with red.

He got up to go over to her, and she ran forward and pushed him back into the chair playfully.

"Sit down and smoke like a good boy," she said, giving him a light kiss.

The Boy smiled, more at his ease, and when she offered him a glass of red wine he raised his glass and drank to her gallantly.

This gesture was graceful to the point of homage, and the Woman paused in the act of drinking as if a sudden recollection had arrested her.

"You look a nice boy," she said, almost maternally.

"And you," he returned. "You're scrumptious!"

His laugh was cheekily boyish.

"How old are you?" she asked, seating herself on the arm of a divan opposite and swinging one leg.

"Guess."

"Twenty?"

"Here! I say!"

"Twenty-two?"

He nodded delightedly and then asked her the same question.

"If I told you," she replied, with a mixture of solemnity and raillery, "you'd be horrified."

"Twenty-five," he guessed.

"Never mind," she said, with a mysterious air. "Tell me about yourself. Any sisters?"

"Two." He gave a deprecatory gesture and summarised them in a word. "Flappers!"

"Oh, I see. Not put their hair up yet. Then they don't count, eh?"

His ardent gaze said plainly that nothing counted except a full-ripe woman like herself.

The Woman went on with her questions, wondering in herself why. She learned that he was very fond of his mother; that his father was something of a disciplinarian as well as being a parson.

"And that's why——" he concluded.

"You're such a dear innocent, eh?" she said for him, but without a trace of scorn.

"Well, I was bound to break out sooner or later," he observed, leaning back negligently.

A bitter little smile flitted across her face and was gone.

"I knew a parson once," she said, eyeing her cigarette thoughtfully.

The Boy grinned knowingly.

"Ah," he said, "I thought they were a bit gay when they got where they wouldn't be known."

"Say, sonny," she said, inspecting him calculatingly, "you guess then that I met this other parson in my professional capacity?"

The inflection would have warned a wiser man.

"If there was nobody about I suppose he risked it," said the Boy.

She put another question to him abruptly.

"Got a girl?"

He shot up as quickly, resentment in his face. But he said nothing.

"Love her?" she continued, and combined the questions elaborately, fiercely eager to watch the effect.

"Have you got a dear, sweet, innocent girl for a sweetheart that you love and revere, eh?"

The accents stung him to a retort.

"Yes, I have, and that you should even speak of her is insulting."

"Shoo!" she exclaimed ironically. "A wicked shame, indeed! Now, don't lose your temper. I'm humbly sorry. She'd be dreadfully shocked at the very thought of a woman like me, I suppose?"

"If she knows there are such people I should be surprised," said the Boy.

"You would?" she queried, narrowing her eyes. "You're quite sure she's pure, I suppose?"

"By G—d!" he flamed, starting up.

"As pure as she believes you to be," said the Woman distinctly. "That's it. Sit down, and don't show off to me."

She moved from her position and sat in the chair, energetically upright, her eyes cold, and as the Boy watched he saw that she was old, artificial, forbidding.

It was as if her smile had been a mask which, once gone, revealed a strange and unimagined face.

When the Woman spoke, her voice was like a flail falling remorselessly on the shrinking flesh.

Dead was the Snake of Desire within him.

"I knew a parson's son once," began the Woman steadily. "I was innocent. I was clean. And, being both, I trusted him as I knew he could trust me. I don't know how long he was laughing at me for a fool, but the day came when he tried his games on with me.

"Listen," she commanded, as the Boy stirred restlessly. "That's what you'll do, too. You don't believe it, but you will. For a little while this girl of yours will occupy a place of her own in your mind and you'll think you can taste of all the pleasures of life without interfering with the reverence you've got for her.

"You can't, and you won't," she said quietly. "The day will come when you'll realise that your much-prized understanding of the woman who is good has gone from you—and you'll never get it back. And then something will happen that will surprise you.

"*Your girl will know.*

"You may have managed to keep your shady tricks secret from her, but one day she will know it in your eyes, your touch, in the very air that surrounds you. She will feel that you're tainted."

"Be quiet, for God's sake!" said the Boy, covering his face.

Their manner was as that of a judge and a prisoner.

She went on relentlessly:

"You can't wallow in filth without some of it sticking to you, and the breath of that foulness sooner or later will reach purity and make it shudder.

"It happened to me. And do you know what I did? He did not get what he wanted from

me. But I went deliberately and did as he had done. And you see what I am."

She sighed as if tired, and then gave a little smile, a genuine motherly smile.

"I'm old enough to be your mother," she said.

The Boy lifted his face. It was deadly white and the eyes were agonised.

"What shall I do?" he whispered.

"Use control," she said. "Live cleanly; and when you marry her you'll be as clean as you know her to be. Don't you believe that lie that the sensible woman realises what men are and doesn't mind. She will never honour you if she thinks that of you, and if you've gone wrong *after* loving her the shame of it will burn into her heart. God help her if she rebels like I did!"

The sudden intensity of her hopeless misery appalled the Boy.

"I'm so awfully sorry, too," he said simply.

"Yes. Well, go," she said dully.

"And you?" he asked.

"I?" She rose and looked him squarely in the face, and suddenly he turned away, caught up his hat, and went.

She stood listening to his hurried descent of the stairs.

Going over to the mirror above the mantelpiece she stared at herself. She smiled slowly, and then her face went old again.

"That smile frightened him," she said aloud. "And no wonder!"

All suddenly she threw back her head and laughed, the lips drawn tight and grinning.

"Fool!" she cried. "A couple o' quid dead sure, and I pitched 'em away to preach. Fool!"

But a moment later she had fallen upon her knees, and her head was buried upon her hands on the seat of the chair where he had sat.

"Oh, God," she whispered, "I've kept him clean. Make me clean again!"

SOME GARDEN TIPS.

Disappointments are just beginning in the matter of the garden. The rows of annuals which you sowed to form borders, show unpleasing gaps here and there. Possibly a cat scratched up the seeds, possibly the seeds were bad, but the main thing so far as you are concerned is that the result is unpleasing to the eye. One remedy is of course to sow fresh seeds to take the place of those that have failed you, but equally good results can be obtained at once by transplanting a few other annuals to fill the gap. Do not put them in direct line with the rest of the border, but plant them into a clump, one edge of which will appear to break the line of the border.

Failing seeds are not the only annoyance which the horticulturist has to put up with. His old friend the slug now begins to make his evening perambulations. Some gardeners advise you to strew the ground with slaked lime, others recommend soot.

My own garden is much infested by slugs, and I have tried both of these remedies and watched their effects. I have seen the slugs crawling merrily over freshly laid soot and over freshly laid lime.

It is possible that my slugs may be of a special breed, but I have found the only effectual method to be that of searching the garden at night with a bicycle lamp and gathering the slugs into a tin can. If you take the precaution of putting some salt in the bottom of the tin, it will kill the slugs at once.

The shrubs in your garden are now beginning to look their best, but all the same they are capable of improvement. Have a look at the shrub before you begin to cut it. Do you want it to grow high, or do you want it wide? Do your pruning accordingly, taking care not to cut the branch too close to the parent stem, as if you injure the bark of the latter, the shrub is seriously damaged.

From shrubs and plants alike you should remove dead leaves periodically. They keep the light and air from the others, and are ugly in themselves.

Ferrets and Ferreting

A SPORT IN SEASON AT ALL TIMES.

Ferret-keepers are a large and varied class, ranging from the warrener with his scores of ferrets to the suburban or country youth of sporting tastes, who keeps perhaps only one, partly as a pet, partly with a view to an occasional day's rabbiting or ratting, and there are many intervening classes of ferret-keepers.

I will assume, however, that you are of the second-mentioned type, and that you do not mean to keep more than two or three ferrets at most.

First of all, what are the points of a good ferret? Well, he should have a sharp muzzle; a long, lithe, but none the less muscular body, set on clean, muscular legs; there should be a good sweep in the turn of his yellowish-white body, and he should have a sharp, intelligent expression.

Some sportsmen swear by the common or white ferret, others pin their faith to the polecat ferret, which as a rule is larger than the ordinary kind and has polecat characteristics. You can please yourself which you will have; both have their good points, and you will find just as many experts to applaud your choice, whichever it may be, as *cognoscenti* who will decry it.

THE NECESSITY FOR CLEANLINESS.

The ferret, indeed, and its feeding, training, and working are the subject of almost embittered controversy in sporting circles, and you will rarely find two men to agree on most ferret questions.

There is, however, one point on which all ferret-keepers are unanimous, and that is the necessity for scrupulous cleanliness in keeping them.

Although he has a foul odour, Master Ferret is a most cleanly little beast, and dirt is death to him.

Then he requires plenty of room, light, and air, and this brings us to his hutch.

Some people think that any old box is good enough for a ferret, but that is a mistake. He should have a proper dwelling, and if you are not a bit of a carpenter, the best thing you can do is to buy the hutch.

If, on the other hand, you like to use your own hands and tools, the hutch should be made of one-inch board; be 3ft. long, 18in. high, 18in. deep, and be divided into two equal compartments by wood one inch thick.

THE HUTCH.

The partition should have a round hole in the centre, four inches from the bottom, and there should be a shutter arrangement to close this hole when necessary.

The sleeping compartment on the right should be closed with a wooden door, with half its surface cut out and replaced by very finely perforated zinc.

The door of the other, or feeding compartment, is a wooden frame two inches wide, the aperture being covered with small iron rods set horizontally about ¾in. apart.

The bottom of the hutch, which, by the way, should be placed on a support or hung against a wall about 5ft. from the ground, is usually of wood, but some ferret-keepers recommend coarse wire netting.

The hutch described is suitable for three ferrets.

For feeding, small, heavy iron dishes are best, as they are not easily upset.

For bedding use clean oat-straw with deal shavings and a little saw-dust, or peat-moss litter, while the feeding compartment should also have a little saw-dust or peat-moss litter in it.

The hutch should be regularly cleaned and kept scrupulously clean, and should be kept under cover or in a sheltered situation, as, though ferrets require plenty of light and air, they don't want to be exposed to bright sunlight or cold.

Now we come to feeding, and are met at once by two distinct schools—the all-flesh dietists, and those who hold that bread and milk should be the ferret's staple food.

It is a question on which the highest opinions are opposed, but probably wisdom is to be found in a middle course, and a judicious mixture of flesh and bread and milk.

HIS FOOD.

Flesh should take the form of fresh-killed birds, rats, rabbits, scraps of meat, liver, and so on, but *never* give ferrets fowls or game that have died from natural causes, nor the paunch of any bird or animal. Much disease among ferrets is caused by neglect of these rules.

Now as to training for rabbiting, I do not believe in artificial methods, such as running a ferret down a pipe to a rabbit.

Take him to a burrow, and put him in with an old jill-ferret—beg or borrow one if you don't possess one—to show him the ropes. This is the quickest way of teaching a ferret his business.

There are three ways of working ferrets when rabbiting: with a line, with a muzzle, without either line or muzzle.

Let me most strongly recommend the last-named. A line hampers a ferret, while if you muzzle him and he gets lost, as ferrets will, you have condemned him to slow starvation.

The great worry of the ferreter is the ferret who "lies up," that is won't come to ground either because he has caught and killed a rabbit, made a hearty meal, and gone to sleep, or out of sheer cussedness.

A CURE FOR LAZINESS.

The paunch of a newly-killed rabbit placed in one of the windward entrances to the burrow will usually fetch the lazy one out, but an even better plan is to burn in the most windward hole of the burrow strips of brown paper which have been previously prepared with a solution of twelve parts of nitre to one of cayenne pepper. No ferret will stand the fumes of *that*.

When rabbiting silence is invaluable; always put the ferret in at the lowest windward hole of the burrow; ferret up a hedge and up wind.

With rats the training is slightly different. Rat and ferret are natural enemies, and will fight at sight, but a full-grown rat is more than a match for a young ferret. The best plan with a youngster is to put him and a jill—his dam if possible—in an empty room or box along with a young rat. The jill will kill the rat, and then let the little 'un mouth it, and he will be effectually "blooded."

Always treat your ferrets kindly and gently, or you will quickly ruin them.

For carrying them out-doors the best thing is a small box with a handle, which may be procured from most sporting firms.

Ferrets are thirsty little animals, and so if you anticipate a long day's sport, don't forget a bottle of milk for your small friend.

Finally, scrupulous cleanliness, plenty of room, light, and air, and sweet, fresh food are essential if your ferrets are to be healthy and fit for their work.

G. S. Pardy.

OUTSIDERS.

SOME MEN WHO ARE NOT WANTED.

With Derby Day upon us, it may be as well to explain that this article does not deal with equine outsiders, but with the human variety. "He is a rank outsider," "Awful outsider," "A bit of an outsider"—men freely use these terms about other men, and yet I doubt whether they could tell you exactly what they mean by the opprobrious word, "outsider."

It is not precisely a case of Dr. Fell:

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

But, at the same time, the outsider does inspire a sort of more or less mysterious antipathy. There is also a concrete objection to the outsider, though again it is not easy to define.

Probably the nearest we can get to it is that the outsider is "not in it." In other words, either by accident or design, he finds or forces himself into company which does not want him, of which for one reason or another he is unfit to be a member.

It does not necessarily follow that an outsider is a cad or even an objectionable person. A non-sporting man is an outsider in sporting company; a tourist who strays into the commercial-room is an outsider to the merry Knights of the Road.

Colonials often complain that we treat them as outsiders, but we might well retort that they do the same to us in their countries.

The Englishman who goes to a Colony is apt to find himself cold-shouldered at first, unless he happens to be a big-wig. The Colonials object to him because he has not been brought up in their traditions; he has not lived their lives, he is a stranger in a strange land, and he is made to feel an outsider until he has paid his footing.

That is it. In many cases the so-called outsider is just a man who has not yet paid his footing to the company in which he finds himself.

He must adapt himself to their views.

Sometimes, however, he either cannot or is not allowed to pay his footing, and then he becomes the true outsider, a hanger-on, a fraud, and a sham. You meet him in all classes of society, and he need not necessarily be a person of humble birth.

You meet him in the Army as the unpopular officer who will not pay his footing by taking a fair share in regimental life and duties. He wants to lead his own life, to pursue only his own interests, forgetting that a regiment is essentially a commonwealth in which all must work together.

That is one type of outsider, the man who won't pay his footing; there is the other type, the man who is not allowed to do so. His comrades don't like him, they don't want him, they won't have him at any price, and so they shut the door to good fellowship in his face and he remains outside.

As a rule, such a man deserves his fate; he is not fit to pass within the pale, but sometimes he is unjustly treated.

He is never given a fair chance, and the real outsiders are those who deny him every man's right to a fair trial.

Some years ago some subalterns in a so-called crack cavalry regiment took it upon themselves to invite a newly-gazetted subaltern to dinner, whereat they informed him that he was not wanted in the regiment, which he had not even joined. According to them, he was an outsider; they, of course, were worse than outsiders—they were dirty little snobs and cads.

The so-called outsider may therefore be the true gentleman of the party. He may sometimes, like the equine outsider, score an unexpected triumph, and prove himself one of the best.

But as a rule, he is a man who forces himself where he is not wanted, where he is out of his element, or else he is an upstart who seeks to buy his way where he would not be accepted on his merits.

EDWARD TWINING.

THE REASON FOR FAILURE.

Once upon a time there was a golfer. There have been others, but this is the only one with whose doings we are immediately concerned.

And it came to pass that one afternoon he betook himself to the links, which, when you come to think of it, was not a very astonishing thing for him to do, seeing that he was a golfer.

The little birds flew panic-stricken back to their nests at sight of the checks on his Norfolk jacket, and the older birds told them not to be silly. You see the older birds had seen this Norfolk jacket before, and familiarity breeds contempt; it would be unfair to accuse the nestlings of cowardice.

Do not run away with any erroneous impression. The Norfolk jacket was not the only thing the golfer had on. He also had on a loud-resounding waistcoat and a new pair of breeches, to which he was giving the air for the first time.

Alack and alas! In spite of the sensation he had made amongst the denizens and the hedgerows, he found within the first quarter-of-an-hour that he was not likely to do anything very sensational that afternoon in the way of breaking records.

"I don't know," he remarked to his caddie, "what can be the matter with me."

"I think I can tell you, sir," replied the caddie, as he replaced a turf which the golfer had driven 100 yards instead of the ball; "it's them new trousers you've got on. You should never wear new trousers to play golf in, because you keep thinking about them instead of the game."

HIS FATE.

They were a sporting set of youngsters in this particular school, and they knew most things about sport and a good many other things besides, which their fathers said *they* didn't know and which their mothers said little boys shouldn't know.

But to return to the matter of sport. Swimming was their favourite recreation, for the river was considered too swift for safety and therefore they liked to patronise it.

One day the squire dropped into the village school, just to see how things were getting on. He couldn't have told them much that mattered, but he liked to think he could.

"My boys," said he, "what is an island?"

This, however, was a branch of esoteric knowledge in which the village youths had not dabbled, and they preserved a dignified silence.

Nobody particularly wanted to know what an island was, but the squire thought the matter important, and so he said:

"If I were standing here and all you boys round about me were water, what should I be?"

"Drowned," replied the butcher's youngest innocent. "You're too fat to swim."

And so the squire returned to his horses and dogs and things, to meditate upon the problems of education, particularly as applied to very small boys who knew too much about swimming.

HAPPY NIGHTS.

II. WAITING.

I had gone down into the country for quietude, health, and enjoyment for myself and another, and had taken up my quarters in a creeper-covered cottage.

On the night of which I write, the air was close in spite of the storm of the morning that had only half cleared the air. The moon was darkened by a canopy of soft cloud that wrapped the earth as in a blanket of suffocating wool. Not a breath of wind stirred leaf or branch.

Nature held her breath, as if expecting some decisive happening.

I stepped into the shady garden, and paced restlessly to and fro beneath the trees.

Up in their cool, dark recesses, not a leaf or a bird was moving.

Faintly, from the taller trees that grew above the tiny stream an intermittent wail came through the darkness from some melancholy owl. A light shone through the blind in the upper window of the cottage and now and then a shadow slowly passed across it. A gentle rain began to patter on the spreading leaves.

Returning to my room I sought contentment in a book and consolation from a pipe. But neither answered to my dumb appeal. To and fro I paced, starting at every footfall in the room above.

Would the night never end, and suspense give place to certainty?

I tried to sleep, but for the first time in all my experience, I wooed the sleep god vainly in that comfortable lounge. And then there came a hurrying to and fro above me.

At last! I was to know the truth!

A quiet step descended the creaky little cottage staircase, and I heard a hand placed on the door of my room.

"All well," said the doctor. "She's sleeping quietly now—A strapping boy—I'll call again in the morning." STANLEY GRIDLEY.

THINGS SEEN.

VIII. A MAN AND A HORSE.

The brougham was drawn up at the edge of the pavement; its varnish was shining gorgeously, and the silver handles of the doors were as speckless as the windows.

I observed the brougham first, because I approached it from behind. As I came alongside I saw that the horse was in keeping with the carriage.

It was a fine upstanding chestnut, and must have cost a hundred guineas if a penny.

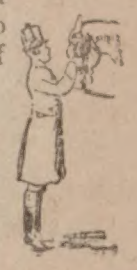
To my thinking, the fashionable turnout—coachman, horse and carriage—is too stiff and machine-like to be beautiful. The head of this particular horse was tied up with elaborate reins and brightly shining buckles. I believe from the look of him he must have been a five-year-old; he seemed to have plenty of spirit and he was perfectly groomed. But the turnout was too exact and precise. One felt that the driver of it was more like a chauffeur at the wheel than a horseman at the reins.

The coachman, a fresh-faced young fellow, was standing at the horse's head, with a hand on either side of its elaborate bridle. He was dressed in immaculate livery.

I do not think I should be very far out if I hazarded the guess that John had but recently come up from the country with his employer; I am calling him John because that name seemed to fit him, and in any case it was probably how he was addressed, whatever his christened name may have been.

He was very dignified and was obviously conscious of the importance of his office. In short he was a typical fashionable coachman, and, to my mind, admirably suited to driving this fashionable turnout.

As I passed, he pulled down the horse's head and kissed it on the nose. My preconceived ideas of the fashionable coachman vanished into air. John was human, after all, and a lover of horses, not a mere driver, G. BULCRAIG.



What Our Readers Say.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

In athletic clubs and in the Territorials you meet men of every social grade, and before you have been with them very long it begins to strike you that class distinctions do not count for very much.

There are ill-mannered people amongst the well-educated classes just as there are pleasant people amongst the poor, and a man is not despised by his social superiors, provided he makes no pretensions to belonging to a class which is not his own. It is impossible to be popular if you are not natural, and if you are continually striving to appear to belong to a class other than your own, you give an impression of not being your thorough self.

It is the same when a wealthy man mixes with others poorer than himself. If he tries to "come down to their level," if he shows an inclination to be patronising, they will not like him. Some men under these circumstances will intentionally drop a "g" or an "h" when speaking in order to give the impression that they are not swells. They are just as guilty of affectation as is the poor chap who aims at being a man of position, and they are certain to fail just as he fails.

The wealthy man who finds himself amongst others less well off, should behave exactly as he would behave with men of his own class; he should talk in the same way as he is accustomed to talk, and preserve his manner, which is himself, in its entirety.

A CURE FOR SMOKING.

There are thousands of men who smoke too much, and who know they smoke too much, but since the ill-effects are not so obvious and so serious as in the case of drink, they make no real effort to observe greater moderation.

It is very difficult to break oneself of the habit, for it is almost impossible to cut oneself off from tobacco even to the same extent that one can keep clear of alcohol.

The soundest method of curing oneself is to go in for some form of violent exercise, for instance, hard rowing, or running, which is the simplest of all, and within the reach of everybody.

After a hard run you do not feel in the least inclined to smoke, and of course during the process smoking is impossible.

As a matter of fact I once knew an inveterate smoker who would start on a run with a cigarette in his mouth, but after the first hundred yards that cigarette was thrown to the winds, and never another did he touch that day, for even in the evening after a good run, your desire for a smoke will not be sufficient to take you across the room to get it.

What the cause is, I do not know, but the fact remains. It may be that the lungs are filled with fresh air and have no room for the fumes of tobacco.

Anyhow I can recommend any man who really wants to cure himself of the nicotine habit to start in this way.

The craving for a smoke even under normal conditions soon grows less.

USEFUL TO THE CITY MAN.

The business man often wants to take books and papers in to his office, or from office to his home or his lodgings.

To carry them loose neither looks well nor is usually convenient. Many men strap them together, but a far better plan is to have a small square leather case, not so large as the ordinary brief bag, which is much bigger than is necessary for the purpose, but just large enough to hold a couple of books and the required number of papers. The cost will be comparatively small, and the effect is very neat.

Another useful form of bag is one which will just take a suit of dress clothes and a dress shirt. The ordinary suit case or Gladstone is much too large, and a brief bag will crease the shirt.

Either of these two cases can be made for you quite cheaply, for as they will not have to stand the hard wear of travelling, they need not be of stout leather; indeed, they need not be of leather at all.

But both will probably have to be made to order, as they are rarely stocked.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

[*One of our readers who is a schoolmaster set his class the other day to write a short essay on "My Life," and he has sent us the efforts of two of the boys.*

One, by a boy aged eleven, would be hard to beat for pathos and contentment under difficulties; the other "by a lad of feeble intellect," but showing a quaint and primitive philosophy, which seems to hold that freedom from physical pain constitutes the highest happiness.

I print the letters as written.—Paragraph Editor.]

A PLUCKY LITTLE CHAP.

My life is a very happy one. I go out selling newspapers and my brothers do the same. We have to sell three before we earn a halfpenny, but we have plenty of customers. If they do not come round to me I do not sell so many as I do other nights. I get my papers and run to serve my customers, then I ask the workmen, and then I go round the streets, and then I go home. My life is very easy. My father goes on to me, but my mother does not. I do not like my father, he is very unkind to us. He has lots of drink, and comes home drunk. I sometimes go out in the country with my mother, but not with my father. I always like to have some tea before I go out with papers, because I like to take my mother home some money. If I like I can have one halfpenny when I come home, for my mother is very kind.

HIS IDEA OF HAPPINESS.

My life is a very good one. One day I fell down with a kettle of boiling water. The day I fell down I could not call it a very good life then. Some people have a very bad life. Sometimes I get a bad life. If people say they had a bad life they would mean that they hurted themselves. I used to have a very good life before I came to this school. I would rather have a good life than a bad life. The lives that people used to have was a bad one. Some people gets a good life. If any people was to hurt themselves every day they would have a very bad life. My life is not very safe. The people which is dead have not a very good one. I used to have a very good life when I never fell down. The policemen have a very sad life. If a robber was to kill a policeman he would have a bad life.

Sometimes I gets a very good life. If any people want to have a good life they would not hurt themselves.

AN EASILY EARNED GUINEA.

You remember how interested your friend was the other night when you told him about that little matter. Put it into a paragraph and send it along; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. A. Polkinghorne, 223, Gloucester Road, Bishopston, Bristol, for "Laughter and Tears."

ANNOYING CAUTION.

On a postal order strict injunctions t
sender are usually printed, that he must f
the name of the recipient and the office at w
the amount is to be paid.

Yet the man who religiously does these th
is nothing short of a public nuisance.

Let him fill in the name if he will, that
little precaution which will prevent the
from being negotiated by any other than
person intended, and will cause him little in
venience.

But the man who fills in the name o
office, apart from the fact that he usually
in the wrong one, often causes infinite tro

To take a few instances where I have m
been put to great inconvenience, and even
pense in fares, owing to this unnecessery cau
An order will be made payable at an office
my home address, and I am often unable to
it for some days owing to my getting h
after the post office closes, and having no t
worthy emissary to send in my place. O
wise I might have cashed it at any of a d
different offices which I pass during the da

Or a man tries to be clever and adds the n
of the street in which the head office in a
vincial town is situated, and on presenting
order I am informed that I must trudge
branch office half a mile up the street.

Sometimes some idiot who wishes to
money and does not know the particular
office which I "patronise" fills in "London,"
I have to journey to the G.P.O., some m
away, before I can get my cash.

HAVING A BIT ON.

There is no doubt that betting is an evil,
that the world would be a much happier p
without it, but it is an evil that we must n
the best of, for the betting instinct is so de
implanted in human nature that we cannot
to get rid of it altogether.

If only it is indulged in in moderation,
ever, there is not much harm done.

The great thing for the betting man is n
to risk more than he can well afford to
The misery caused by betting does not begin
til the victim starts betting outside his mea

A man who is earning thirty shillings a w
can afford to have a shilling on some rac
other. It probably means a deprivation i
loses, but that is part of the game, and h
prepared for it. Anyhow, he will get
shillingsworth of excitement.

But let him remember that he is playing
fire, and that because he has won five shill
for the one, he will not necessarily win
pounds by staking a sovereign next time.

Betting is a luxury and should not be indu
in until all the necessaries of life have
allowed for.

HOW TO PACK A KIT BAG.

The Territorial when going into camp is o
at a loss for the best way to pack his kit-
which is simply a waterproof sack with a
to draw it together at the mouth.

The tip is to pack your soft garments at
bottom, and to roll them each into a hard
roll, which you ram down end upwards.

Everything should be packed longways f
top to bottom of the bag, and not so as t
across.

Push your spare boots down in the mi
of the soft clothes, so that the hard soles do
project and wear the surface of the bag, o
yourself when you are carrying it.

At the top put all your small effects—clean
materials, shaving tackle, brushes and so
each, if possible, in separate little bags.

Instead of tying a knot in the cord at the
which the weight of the bag will draw so t
that you will waste much precious time in
doing it, tie a separate piece of string ro
the cord so as to keep the mouth of the
closed, and leave the end of the cord loos
carry the bag by.

The string is easily cut when you arriv
your destination; the cord cannot be.

PLETE SHORT STORY.

OHN HILARY GARRATT.

KERNAHAN OUTFLANKED.

I.

ilt-edged card came in an adorned with the regimental crest of 's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire y; it lay on the breakfast table of Archibald Harris Kernahan, and in ate words stated that Colonel op and officers of "B" Squadron re- he pleasure of the company of Trooper ernahan at the Squadron's annual be held at Market Mallerbury—of all the world.

an, lighting the first after-breakfast which, of all, is the sweetest of the ned the card with knitted brows—then down with a short, truly Anglo-Saxon ion.

eteor Hotel at Brermouth, usually the "B" Squadron's annual epicurean s to be deserted for the first time in or a little hostelry in a sleepy country e thirty miles distant from Brermouth. Mallerbury, in addition to its restful charm, boasted the worst rail- ice in the universe, and horrible roads oved that the existence of Market Mal- was completely forgotten in the minds lankshire County Council.

e sons of the big farmers who cultivated cultural country round Mallerbury, had d gamely to the call for an establish- Yeomen under the wing of "B" and the cold grey eye of the Sergeant-

drilled in the cobble-stoned yard of the Arms," and their particular boast was could ride over their district on the nights. They practised this unofficially, and scared the natives.

every year, the "Night-Riders" had ertained with the rest of the squadron eteor Hotel, and had then been packed tor-car at the midnight hour and sent ith Brermouth's blessing, and a sober r to steer them over the darksome roads to Mallerbury.

year," Kernahan remarked to his Carteret, who called upon him that "the mountain has to go to Mahomet. what am I indebted for the honour of it, Carteret?"

fact of it is," Carteret replied sorrow- haven't got my dress frock yet, and es won't get me to the Squadron Dinner Order!"

is no suspicion of the "sweated" gar- f certain Government contractors about orm of the King's Own, but even the tailors who supply the "full and proper he dandiest Yeomanry Regiment in the Command, are addicted to keeping new iting, in the way beloved of all tailors. et, a recruit recently joined, had not oured more than the others in this re- However, half a sheet of newspaper, into a thick strip and cunningly placed ne of Trooper Kernahan's peak caps, arteret's head fairly well. The tailors, wing undoubtedly how helpless a man ut his nether garments, had thoughtfully n his overalls, adorned with the thick dragoon stripe. All that Carteret re- ow was the dress frock.

s earnest request, therefore, Kernahan ut an ancient dress tunic with verdigris and with collar and cuffs looking less han black.

re that," Kernahan remarked, "before geant-Major had provided me with a Yes, it fits you splendidly—a little metal nd a touch of yellow ball will do the

a sigh of relief, Carteret peeled off the That question was settled, and he could ward to the forthcoming squadron dinner ad anticipation of the usual good time. a ticket was sewn to the lining, headed with the printed names of the aforesaid tailors.

"H-m," said Carteret, reading it, "'Trooper A. H. Kernahan, "B" Squadron, K.O.R.R.B.Y., Brermouth.' What ho! I shall be wearing the Giant's Robe."

* * * * * * *

On the eve of the Dinner, some of the "Veterans" of "B" Squadron formed themselves into a committee, discussing ways and means in the Yeomanry Room at the Territorial Club.

Trooper Stephen referred to a list of names.

"There are eight of us," he said, "who can't go by that one and only train to Mallerbury. What say we ask Carteret for the loan of his father's potato-can-on-wheels?"

"Good idea," said Kernahan. "I'm going by train myself. But ask the Wisp politely—he's in the Billiard Room now."

"Ter-ooper Carteret!" yelled Stephen, popping his head in at the Billiard Room door. "Eight of our chaps would be very much obliged if you would have the goodness to ask your respected parent—for whom, like yourself, we have no end of admiration—if he would favour us by—oh, I've forgotten the rest, but it's all very lovely—I mean, we want to borrow your gov'nor's car for to-morrow night, old sport."

"Pleasure!" said Carteret delightedly. "I'll drive 'em myself."

"And the Lord have mercy on their souls!" Kernahan remarked *sotto voce* as he strolled over to the piano. He picked up a song from a music rack and, calling on Stephen to accompany him, he sang to a most appreciative audience:

"There were no motor-cars of course,
Or things propelled with auto-force;
But man relied on his trusty horse
And the world—went—very—well—then!"

The company took up the refrain vociferously, and Carteret, tracing an allusion to his beloved motor-car, looked unutterable things.

"You aren't motoring to Mallerbury?" Kernahan asked of Stephen later.

The question contained more earnestness than seemed necessary in such a casual inquiry.

"Kerny, you old fox, you've got something up your sleeve. I know that twinkle in your lovely eye," said Trooper Stephen. "Confess at once!"

"Nothing of the sort," Kernahan replied, "but Carteret, otherwise known as the Wisp, has got quite out of hand lately. Told me he fancied himself for the Recruits' Prize, jaws as if he had been in the King's Own for years, and absolutely lords it over the first year men. That sort of thing is all very well, but——"

"One Kernahan is sufficient for 'B' Squadron, eh?" Stephen broke in. "Well, after that little tip I go to Market Mallerbury by train!"

"And with me!" Kernahan added, slapping his right-hand man heartily on the shoulder.

II.

If you ever go to Market Mallerbury, you must get in with Trooper Tommy Palmer, who is the man in charge of everything in that sleepy little town. In addition he manages the "King's Arms," a thoroughly Dickensian hostelry, for his father.

Trooper Palmer can handle a tandem with the best of them, or touch up a four-in-hand with the skill of Mr. Vanderbilt at Richmond. It is safe also to invest a little on him at the Market Mallerbury point-to-point.

Such is the horsey, pardonably conceited, "Colonel Tommy Palmer of the Night-Riders," a rival of Kernahan's at camp when it comes to horsemanship.

The shades of the May evening were deepening over the Market Cross at Mallerbury when Troopers Kernahan and Stephen strolled down the Market Square.

The two discovered the "Colonel" struggling to fasten his chokingly high yellow collar together.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Tommy Palmer, as he observed the two heavy bags they had thrown on the floor of his dressing-room. "I say, have you chaps come to stay for a month?"

"Oh, dear no, Thomas!" replied Stephen sweetly. "Trooper Archibald Harris Kernahan, D.S.O., will now explain."

"First of all," said Kernahan, "I want a map of this Heaven-forsaken district. Buck up, Tommy!"

"Why can't you chaps go home and die?" exclaimed the agonised Trooper Palmer, wrestling with his collar and succeeding at last in fastening it.

Kernahan, pressing him to sit down and calm himself, talked long and earnestly, Stephen breaking in occasionally with encouraging additions. The worried look of Trooper Palmer changed slowly into one of blank surprise, then amusement, followed by enthusiasm. They got out a cyclist's road map and studied it attentively for some moments.

Then Trooper Palmer placed his finger on the village of Worstead that lies two good miles from Mallerbury.

"Whichever way they come, they must pass the Cross Ways here," he said, marking the place with a pencil, "but you'll never get through in the dark—by yourselves."

"Exactly," said Kernahan. "Now, off with that dress tunic!"

"Done!" exclaimed Trooper Palmer, undergoing much pain in unfastening his collar.

It was only a few moments later that three gentleman, hideously disguised in regulation black silk masks, left over from a Brermouth Fancy Dress ball, were smartly cantering under the star-lit but moonless sky towards the Cross Ways outside Worstead Village.

* * * * * * *

"Good Lord, Carteret! I'll swear we went round that corner on two wheels!"

"Do be a bit more careful, old chap."

"We value our lives a little, you know Whoa there! what a bump!"

"Only another chicken come to an untimely end!" The voice was despairing.

Eight agonised Yeomen, packed like sardines in the not over-large tonneau of Carteret's car, sat and waited bravely for sudden death.

They had run through the first village or two cautiously enough. Then the lust of speed had somehow fallen upon the highly-strung and supposedly-nervous Trooper Carteret, who, heavily cloaked, controlled the steering wheel.

"It's all right!" he shouted, as they cut into a head wind. "She only steers a little wild at high speeds."

"Little wild be d——!" said someone, but the wind flung the words back into his mouth.

Whoop! The car jumped a miniature chasm that made a natural drain for the worst road in East Anglia. They had topped the hill, and now, somewhere in a valley an uncertain distance beyond, glimmered the lights of the little village of Worstead. Carteret crammed on the brake cautiously, and the car snorted horribly.

"Look here, Carteret," said someone, voicing

the feelings of the others. "Take her down into the village a bit carefully. There are other ways of getting into the pub without entering suddenly through the window!"

The tone was protesting, but respectful. It did not pay to jest with the man at the wheel, Carteret, who had determined to make his reputation for something, if only for a little reckless driving.

The softly smiling Carteret fiddled about with the gear, and the car slid down the steep hill unobtrusively, gaining speed with the incline, faster and faster, till the dry "whirr" had risen to a shriek. Carteret put on the brake. It failed, and something cracked metallically.

"The brake's gone!" exclaimed Carteret despairingly, while the others quaked.

In the next few seconds the car broke all records for Worstead Hill, steered in a flash by the red blinds and almost annihilated a bucolic policeman who yelled to them to stop.

The impetus carried them beyond the last of the straggling line of houses. Then there came a horrible chattering from beneath the "bonnet," and the speed of the car fizzed out like a bad squib.

They had come to the Cross Ways, and it was with great relief that the eight stiffened Yeomen got out of their crazy conveyance and stretched their limbs, while Carteret, his goggles lifted up under the peak of his cap, did wonderful things to the machinery with a screw hammer under the glare of the hooded lights.

"It's all right," he announced at length. "She was only thrown out of gear a little, but the brake's gone for ever."

"Then we'll walk!" remarked a Yeoman firmly, as he inspected the sign-post by the aid of a lighted vesta. "Market Mallerbury—two miles! A little of your car goes a long way, Carteret."

At that moment three mysterious figures appeared from behind the hedge.

"You must excuse us for interrupting," said one gruffly, "but you will never reach Mallerbury at all unless you are prepared to hand over a little money—money that would merely be wasted in drink at the 'King's Arms'!"

He pointed a revolver in the face of Trooper Carteret, and the young man blinked.

"Hands up!"

Carteret held up two petrol-smelling hands, in the manner approved by the best dramatists. The two other strangers were putting the eight through a similar process.

Then from the hazy blackness of the Worstead Road came a puffing sound as of someone running up wind, laboriously.

"I see 'un!" roared a bucolic voice, nearing them. "Yew an' your fine new car. Forty mile an hour it were, too!"

The "highwaymen" straightway burst into laughter and dropped their revolvers limply.

"Hanged if it isn't Kernahan and Stephen!" exclaimed several of the eight.

"Yes, and this is old Tommy Palmer!" Carteret called from the other side of the car.

"Your name, please, sir!" said the policeman of the village, producing a notebook and approaching the be-goggled Carteret.

Carteret swiftly unfastened his belt.

"Can you believe your eyes, officer?" he asked, displaying the tailor's ticket sewn to the lining of his dress frock.

It was written plainly in bold, accusing letters:

"Trooper A. H. Kernahan, "B" Squad, K.O.R.R.B.Y., Brermouth."

"Cert'nly," replied the constable, lumbering off into the darkness, heedless of the protestations of Trooper Kernahan.

* * * * * * *

Now, a Colonel on the night of his crack Squadron's annual Dinner is apt to thaw a little and come down from his high place. At the Petty Sessions of Mallerbury, it was by his kindly intervention that Trooper A. H. Kernahan was only nominally fined (in his absence) for driving a motor-car furiously and to the danger of the public on the King's Highway!

God made the country, and man made the town.—COWPER.

There is one place in this land of ours which never fails to inspire me with a vague terror and an unconquerable gloom. It is the City of London.

Lonely indeed it is, where every man is for himself, and himself alone, and friendship seems non-existent; but this is not the secret of its power to cause me unnamed terror and unhappiness. It is the brutality of the City that gives it so terrifying an aspect.

Men, and women too, seem to shake off all delicacy of thought, and to live by the conviction that self, and self alone, even in those things that are quite apart from loss or gain in money, is the one law by which they can survive.

The very sense of nationality is forgotten in the strife for gain, and one might well suppose that no two men acknowledged the same flag, or uncovered at the name of the same King, so fiercely do they fight against each other.

Is the game worth the candle?

If it is indeed all necessary it is also all horrible, ghastly, and repelling!

"No quarter" is the order of the day; and so long as a man's ruin can be encompassed just within the four corners of a widespread net of law, no hand can stay the bitter strife.

The city is the cruellest place on earth. Its denizens are strange indeed. They hurry to and fro with never a gleam of the joy of life upon their faces. Their gait is quick, without the happiness of motion; their faces keen, without a glimpse of pleasure; the expectation of some dire calamity, some unexpected stroke, some sudden reversal of fortune's wheel, draws their features tense; and in the midst of untold material wealth, the hardest problem seems to be to make a living.

I want to buttonhole every second man I meet upon the city pavements and ask him if he really thinks that such a life is worth this worry and this plotting. For surely such a life as this, that makes men into bloodless, anxious beings, can have little or no compensating happiness. The power, or popularity, or wealth they gain can surely never take the place of all that goes towards their making.

Men and women become smirched with too much knowledge. A callousness springs into life; a hard indifference to the quieter shades of feeling makes them something more and something less than human beings.

A man is judged almost entirely by his wealth, which is taken to be the measure of his city smartness and astuteness. Victors and victims are the main divisions of the people. He who is not 'cute is fair game for the schemer, while he who knows the ropes and has proved his plotting powers must be avoided.

Such to me are the chief aspects of the vilest place on earth; a place with no redeeming beauties, wholly given up to seeking and securing gain at any cost, though this be the very lives and happiness of fellow creatures.

To me the city stands for all that is appalling. I never enter it without a shudder; and hasten from it as from poison and pestilence.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

BEING A BRUTE.

HOW I FOUND HAPPINESS.

To the best of my belief I am a brute. I wasn't always so. Once I was the most gentle, sensitive person you would have met on a long day's march, and I was very unhappy.

I was born with the belief that everybody was gentle, kind and honest, because my youth was spent in a country vicarage where the people about me had these characteristics in a marked degree. Stupidly I supposed that the outside world must be like my own little world.

The shock on discovering my error was severe. On leaving home I found my simple, rustic ideas laughed at, and myself ridiculed. Ridicule is very hard to bear; and I found it almost insupportable, for I had a great esteem for those who laughed at me, they being men of the world to my thinking.

I knew, too, that they were right in laughing at me, for my ideas were erroneous; but, though I saw my error, I could not rectify it at once, for the training of years takes some forgetting.

These were days of misery. Not only was I in a ferment against the world, but I also despised myself for what I began to realise was weakness, and self-contempt to a sensitive mind is torture.

The very thoughtfulness which had so far been my undoing through the misery it caused me, was at last the means of my discovering where my error lay.

I had a dog and he always seemed happy, and I set myself the task of thinking out the reason.

Why was he never sad and morbid like myself? Why did he seem to enjoy the mere fact of living?

It could not be due to his health being better than mine, for I was perfectly fit. I began to see that it was because he could not think and worry.

I altered my outlook on life, taking my dog as a model. I retained the kind-heartedness which I had inherited, but I ceased to worry about those matters which were outside my control.

Previously I had been a keen amateur politician, with what I believed to be advanced views; I had meditated on the apparent injustice of our present social system and had wanted to set the whole world right. Now I realised the impossibility of the task and contented myself with the world as I found it.

Things might be wrong, but it was beyond my powers to put them right.

On beginning to earn my living I had been hurt many times by the ingratitude of those to whom I had done some kindness; now I accepted ingratitude as one of the weaknesses of human nature. I ceased to despise men for it or to be sad when I discovered it. I enjoyed their friendship while it lasted and did not expect too much from them.

In the matter of personal courage also I found an infinite gain. Previously I had been somewhat timid when indulging in sport, for I allowed a sensitive imagination to picture to me what *might* happen: the bottom of the boat might collapse when I went rowing, a current might carry me away when I swam. Now I do not worry about these things, but, while using all due caution, face dangers without thinking.

My health also benefited by the change. Worriers are usually thin, and I was no exception to the rule.

As soon as I surrendered myself to the brutal outlook on life, however, I began to put on flesh; and I think my new-found bulk re-acted on my mind, for I found it easier each day to take life calmly.

The change has made me happy. I have lost my old sensitiveness; I have ceased to find fault with the world as it is; I have banished all fantastic ideas of setting everybody to rights. I am still sympathetic—more than before, perhaps, because I understand things better—but I am a bit of a brute, and a happy one.

J. M. BRODIE.

SLEEPING OUT

AN ARTICLE FOR THE MAN WHO LIKES FRESH AIR.

The habit of sleeping in the open air is increasing in popularity this year, and there are now many who go in for it summer and winter alike.

Few, however, are tempted to adopt it till the arrival of some hot summer's night when sleeping indoors is an impossibility. Then, tempted by the freshness without, they betake themselves to the garden, to learn the joys of slumber in the open.

There is no reason, however, why you should not take up the idea now. Night in the open at the present is sweeter than it will be when the hotter weather comes.

Besides the almost romantic pleasure of doing this unconventional thing, you experience after a few nights in the open a freshness, and a general feeling of well-being that are nothing short of delicious.

However skilfully you manage the windows of your bedroom it is extremely difficult for you to have them open during the night, without subjecting yourself to draughts, which may under certain circumstances be injurious to health.

Out in the open air, however, you may have wind, but draughts are unknown.

THE WAY TO WAKE UP FRESH.

One of the great attractions about sleeping in the open air is that, when you wake, you do so thoroughly. There is no inclination to lie and doze, and no feeling of tiredness.

You feel as bright as the birds about you, and a moment after your eyes open, you jump from your couch.

Why one should feel so much fresher after sleeping in the open air than after a night in a well ventilated bedroom, I do not exactly know, but personal experience has taught me that such is undoubtedly the case.

For my own part I commenced sleeping out of doors during a holiday camp. We were cycling, and in the endeavour to reduce our luggage to a minimum, each of us carried in the way of a bed only a waterproof sheet, a small blanket and an empty pillow case.

Before turning in for the night, I made a heap of bracken to serve as a mattress, and stuffed the pillow case with some as well, spreading the waterproof sheet upon this, laying myself on top of the lot and drawing the rug above me, so that I was as comfortable as there was any occasion to be.

YOUR BED.

I have tried sleeping with nothing below me but a waterproof sheet. Provided you are very tired, you do not at first observe the hardness of the ground, but somewhere during the silent watches of the night you wake up with the conviction that your head is trying conclusions with a solid rock.

Such a bed may suit the person of Spartan tastes, but for my own part I believe in the bracken mattress.

The outfit I have described is suitable for travelling, but if you decide to experiment in your own garden, there need be no comfort lacking.

A stout hammock strung between a couple of trees, and protected from the wet by a simple awning of canvas, provides you with a means of rest unequalled by the latest form of spring mattress and the softest of feather beds.

It is worth while remembering that when sleeping outside you will require considerably more blankets than you would in the house. Provided your needs in this respect are fully supplied you will not find sleeping out-of-doors a comfortless experience in the coldest weather.

The sleeper-out is in most cases a hardy person, and if a soft green caterpillar drops from the branches of an overhanging tree on to his lily-white cheek or into his open mouth, he will take it as part of the game. Should you, however, be particularly nervous of undergoing such an experience, you may protect yourself by arranging a mosquito net to hang from your awning.

TRY A HAMMOCK.

For my own part, I think that the hammock forms the best out-of-door bed that it is possible to construct, for with it the air may circulate all about you.

There are some, however, who consider this method to be too strenuous, and who prefer to erect a tent in the corner of the garden and sleep there, removing one or more sides of the tent according to the state of the weather. Possibly this is the best plan, at least for beginning, and certainly it is the only one, if your garden is overlooked by the neighbours' windows.

In the tent you can, of course, have an ordinary camp bedstead. In my own opinion this is not quite so good as the hammock, for it is too near the ground. It is, however, convenient, and there is less chance of falling out.

A BEDROOM ON WHEELS.

I know one man who, when he takes his fortnight's holiday at Brighton, always bargains with the proprietor of a bathing machine to let him sleep there during the night.

He pays ninepence each night, slings a hammock from corner to corner and has the right to use the machine for his morning dip.

He has assured me that a life on the ocean wave is in no wise equal to a life by the edge thereof.

He is an extremist, but his motive of obtaining a maximum of fresh air is perfectly sound.

J. L. Mason.

NOSE-BLOWING.

There is, as a medical expert recently pointed out, a right and a wrong way of blowing the nose. The right way is to blow first one nostril and then the other.

If both the nasal passages are closed at the same moment, the back of the throat is filled with compressed air, and hence may arise the rupture of one of the delicate blood vessels there situated.

Moreover, this compressed air may drive the microbe-laden discharge into the inner ear, for this organ is connected with the throat by means of the Eustachian tube.

When the ear is affected there may come serious trouble, and those readers who are afflicted with the colds so prevalent at this moment might well take the hint.

CERTAIN RESULTS.

Last week every advertiser on our Readers' Sale and Exchange page had at least one reply; most had about a dozen; and one had fifty.

There is something you want to buy or sell. Advertise it, or for it, on that page. If the price you want, or offer, is a reasonable one, you are practically certain of securing the desired results.

Turn to the third page of cover for all particulars.

PARK CRICKET.

AN AMUSING ASPECT OF OUR SUMMER SPORT.

Just as a game of billiards between two indifferent amateurs is often more fun to watch than a match between two first-class professionals who keep on scoring with somewhat monotonous ease and certainty, so the cricket of the public parks is in many ways more exhilarating than the game as seen at Lord's, the Oval, or any other great ground.

There is much, too much, perhaps, that is stereotyped, about first-class cricket, but there is nothing dull about cricket in the parks.

The park cricketer is a great boy and his virtues many and fine.

First of all, he is magnificently brave. The pitches are laid as close together as possible, with the result that you will have "point" of one side fielding next door to "square leg" of another.

Biff! goes a square leg hit from No. 1 pitch and "point" of No. 2 side involuntarily fields it with the most prominent portion of his anatomy. Or, crack! goes a cut from No. 2 pitch, and "square leg" of No. 1 stops it with his head. But, Lord bless you, they don't mind; balls to right of them, balls to left of them, balls hurtling overhead or spinning along the ground —they don't seem to mind—it's all in the game.

Occasionally, you may see in the parks embryo Johnny Briggses or Wilfrid Rhodeses, but as a rule the park bowler strives to emulate the feats of a Tom Richardson, a Walter Brearley, a C. J. Kortright, or an N. A. Knox. He takes a thirty yards' run, and hurls the ball down fearfully short and fearfully fast on a pitch, which certainly has not suffered from too much rolling and "preparation."

Whizz! The batsman ducks just in time to save his life, so too does the wicket-keeper, and about fifty yards farther on long-stop—for that ancient fieldsman still survives in park cricket—stops the still speeding ball with his "waistcoat" or his knee-cap, rarely with his hands.

I once saw a park match in which the winning side scored 44 by byes and 11 by hits.

But again the batsmen don't seem to mind. Many go in without either pads or gloves, and I have seen a thus unprotected player stop one ball with his knuckles, the next with his jaw, the third with his ankle, and swipe the fourth for six all run.

The batsman not only cheerfully risks personal injury, but runs a very fair chance of being indicted for manslaughter every time he makes a good hit.

If he doesn't kill some fielder in a neighbouring side, it is almost odds on his slaughtering a spectator. Round every game there is a close-drawn ring of men, women, children and babies, particularly children and babies.

Whack! A low, powerful drive slap into a clump of kiddies and perambulators. You hold your breath or shout; it seems impossible that they should escape.

But escape they do, though goodness knows how. I imagine special angels are told off for duty in the parks on summer Saturday afternoons.

Returning to the players, they are of all ages and many classes. Some are middle-aged and bearded, others young and downy. Some sport spotless flannels and variegated colours, others turn out in their working clothes. Some are clerks, some artizans, some well-educated fellows, others rough labourers, but they are knit together by a common love of a grand game.

And they play the game wholeheartedly. There is no fielding with their legs—except involuntarily; no average-mongering; no playing for keeps; no wearisome "off theory."

There are more kicks than ha'pence about park cricket; innings are short, scores small, the ground is vile for fielding, hard knocks are frequent and free, but the players are enthusiasts.

Park cricketers are jolly good sportsmen, and —which necessarily follows—jolly good fellows. Here's luck to them.

H. Brownie.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER.

X. THE BANDSTAND.

The long-established fiction that we are not a musical nation has been pretty well exploded by this time by the numerous successes not only in this country, but abroad, of British singers, composers, and musicians of well-nigh every kind. Moreover, foreign artistes will tell you that they do not begin really to count in music until London has set the seal of her approval on them.

But if anyone still doubts that at heart we are lovers of music, let him go into our public parks in London or our other big cities and watch the crowd that foregathers about the bandstand when the band is playing on a mid-week half-holiday or a summer Sunday evening.

He may loftily complain that much of the music is essentially popular, but a fig for such superiority. Much of so-called classical music is so academic as to leave the heart untouched, and is therefore valueless. Further—but I forget this is not a musical dissertation, but an attempt to describe a typical park bandstand crowd.

Women and children naturally come in great numbers.

THE COMPANY.

Tired matrons from mean streets, to whose worn cheeks the jigging music brings a touch of colour, rub shoulders with Mrs. Suburbia, apt to be a little patronising of air, anxious to let everyone in her vicinity know that she heard Herr Schloffomoski at Queen's Hall last week, and that she keeps three servants, who—but I am not going to be swept away on the flood of the lady's eloquent denunciations of her domestics.

Young girls there are by the score. Some haughty, others hoydenish. Some prim, others pert. Some with gig-lamps, others all giggles.

And children. Ye gods, is the birth-rate really declining? The bandstand seems to give the lie to the assertion.

Children of all sizes and shapes. "Infant prodigies," who voluntarily assist the conductor in his work; mischievous children, who run about on people's toes, and lure the perspiring attendants into unwilling games of "tig"; precocious infants who hail shy men as "dadda," thus reducing them to great confusion, which is not lessened when some stern-faced woman sagely remarks that it's "a wise child that knows its own father."

LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET.

But the men about the bandstand, what of them? There are many types. There is grandfather, dreaming of the days when he was in request at "swarrys" and could "show a leg" with the best of them. And, by James, the old gentleman would show you some fair heel and toe work now as the band breaks into a merry jig, were it not that grandmamma holds fast to his coat-tails.

There is paterfamilias, solid and slow-moving, and thinking of his supper, but enjoying the music all the same, and a better critic than many would suspect.

There is the British working-man in his Sunday best. A true music-lover he, more especially in the North, where, as often as not, you will find him in the band, and not there for what he can get out of it, "neither." He knows good music when he hears it, and in practical orchestration he could give points to many a Mus. Doc. or Mus. Bac.

There is the typical musical enthusiast, who wears a rapt expression, long hair, and not over-clean finger nails.

There is the young husband who would much rather smoke his briar than the real "Cabbagio" his ambitious young wife insists he shall strenuously suck at instead of a "nasty, vulgar pipe."

There is Belinda with her young man, the latter half-strangled in a stand-up collar, and in imminent danger of having an eye gouged out by Belinda's three-foot hat-pin.

There is the humorist, who tells everybody within reach that the only tune he knows is "God Save the King," and that only because people stand up to it; the idiot who beats time, hums the tune (flat as ditchwater) and glances reprovingly at people who talk; Jack Tar and Tommy Atkins; Territorials and pensioners; and there are swarms of young men promenading round outside the ring of chairs.

THEIR COSTUME.

A favourite costume with these last-named is a yachting cap, a blue reefer, a very fancy vest, a hunting stock, riding breeches, check stockings, and golf shoes. They seem to have come prepared for most athletic emergencies.

They have come to lark with the girls, who also throng the space outside the chairs. It is all very harmless, also amusing to the onlookers.

The usual procedure is as follows: two or more young men link arms and swing round the bandstand at a pace suggestive of a competition for a thousand pounds and a Gold Cup. Approaching from the other point of the compass they espy two or three maidens similarly linked arm-in-arm.

Perhaps, like ships in the night, they meet only to pass, but indications on either side being, so to speak, favourable, a collision ensues.

The gentlemen raise their yachting caps and make profuse apologies. Sometimes the ladies say "Sorce!" and walk away, noses tiptilted to the evening star. Alternatively, they say, "Go hon!" and sooner or later the party adjourn to the refreshment kiosk, the gentlemen feeling quite "doggish," you know, and the ladies quite fearfully wicked.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.

I am not laughing at these gay Lotharios of the bandstand. I envy them. I wish I had the pluck to jab my elbow in a total feminine stranger's small ribs by way of introducing myself to her notice; I wish I could ask her whether she is afraid to come home in the dark; I wish I could wear a yachting cap and check stockings.

But such things are not for me. They take no notice of me, as I lean on the rails, unless perchance one tells another to go and ask "that old josser the time." I am a patriarch. I really ought to wear a black velvet skull cap, and be wheeled about in a bath-chair. I am thirty-seven.

The rousing gallop that concludes the programme comes to an end, and "God Save the King" blares forth. Some very foolish young men try to be funny and keep their caps on. But I prefer not to think of them; they are a blot on what is usually a bright and wholesome scene.

Grandpa awakes from his reverie; paterfamilias shoulders the drowzy infant; ladies collect escaping children and fallen reticules; the youths in yachting caps and maidens in blouses pair off in couples. The bell rings and the crowd streams out of the park, all the better for their clean, care-dispelling, memory awakening evening's entertainment. PETER GILCHRIST.

MAY-FLY FISHING.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR IT

To all anglers the words May-Fly l... magic sound, and the May-Fly season is g... ally pictured as a fisherman's Elysium.

But sometimes it is quite the reverse, brings nothing to you but mortification and terness of heart, takes nothing from you but words, instead of pæans of thankfulness to angling gods.

Bright sunny weather means that the Fly will hatch out so rapidly and in myriads that the trout soon become g... and sulkily refuse to look at your lures.

Or sometimes the angler encompasses his failure by being too eager.

There are three stages in which trout tak... May-Fly: first, as it wriggles from its b... the bottom of the river to the surface; sec... when on the surface it expands into the G... Drake; and, third, when having flown a... and lived its brief life, it falls dead on the ... as the Spent Gnat.

You can certainly catch trout at ... stage by fishing with a wet fly, but on the ... it is wiser to leave them alone, lest you fri... them off the Green Drake.

Nor should you be in too great a hurry ... the May-Fly has reached its second ... are often timid at first of the big Green D... and if you add to their timidity by thrashi... water at this stage and probably pricking ... than one fish as it tentatively rises at ... you will spoil sport not only for yours... others.

Let the trout discover that the Green Dr... big though it is, is as harmless as it is su... lent, and then favoured, let us hope, with ... weather and a slow hatch, wire in, and eve... you are a bit of a novice, you should enjoy ... never-to-be-forgotten sport.

Not that you can afford to be careless w... May-Fly fishing; no, you must observe all ... precautions in the way of keeping out of sig... noiselessness, and judicious casting, but ... same skill is not required from you as if ... were fishing a clear, chalk stream on a bri... summer's day.

Whenever practicable, the underhand ... the best, for the simple reason that by it ... fly is automatically cocked, and it ... the water looking for all the world like a ... Drake wondering where in the name of ... Father of Flies it has come from.

Every fishing-tackle maker has his own ... May-Fly, and really anything at all resembl... the original will do, but the "Gladstone" ... vented by a namesake of the G.O.M.) and ... royd's May-Fly may be especially recommend...

Or you may catch and use the real insect. ... this method—dapping with May-Fly it is ... —is often practised on the Irish lakes ... fishing from a boat.

The hook is put in and out of the back ... fly between the wings, and the great thing ... keep the fly and the fly only on the surface ... the water.

For ordinary river fishing, however, artif... flies are much the best, and you should ha... plentiful supply, as they must be kept dry. ... is, of course, unless you are fishing with w...

I regard the money spent on the upkeep ... fly-book as very soundly invested from the ... ing viewpoint.

Towards evening you should change ... May-Fly proper for the imitation of the Sp... Gnat, which will also often take well during ... day.

Spent Gnat flies are sometimes tied with ... hook lying flat with the wings, but does ... that kind. The hook should swim in the ... manner, and not on its side, when the wings ... the fly are extended on the water like the ... the dead insect.

For a week, or even ten days, after the M... Fly has disappeared, you may still catch fi... of fish with the Spent Gnat fished wet.

NORMAN CHEVNE

THE SPORTING FACE

AN ANALYSIS OF ITS MAIN CHARACTERISTICS.

It would be ridiculous for me, a mere man, to put forward my own personal opinion as to what constitutes masculine beauty. That is a problem whose solution must be left to the ladies, but, in most questions which are subject to their decision, they are pretty unanimous in their verdict upon this one.

MR. R. DIBBLE.
Somerset Rugby player.

The old novelette hero with a very aquiline nose, a woolly fair moustache and saucer eyes, is a dead letter. You do, unfortunately, find some men like that, but the girls leave them out in the cold. The truth is that these men are too girly-looking to appeal to the feminine eye.

The men beloved by women are the men with sporting faces. It does not matter very much whether their features are classical or "homely," whether their eyes are grey or blue, whether their hair is straight or curly—if they have a sporting look they win every time.

But what lies this sporting look? What is the difference between the sporting face and the face of the man-in-the-street?

The dominant characteristic of the sporting face is its latent strength. The sportsman always has that calm expression of self-reliance which is lifted by his fellows and admired by the world. He is not conceited—if he were he would not be a sportsman, for the sportsman knows from experience that he is liable to meet with a better man than himself, and he is by no means reluctant for the meeting to come off. Therefore there is a self-confident expression on a distinct element of modesty. It is as if he were saying: "I know I'm just as good a man as I can make myself, but I also know that there are better. Be the same, I'm ready to do my best to hold my own in my own particular line."

There is also a strong element of determination about the sporting face, and that is a quality that appeals to everybody. The sportsman has to be a tough-willed chap if he does much good; if he is a footballer he has to overcome the natural desire to enjoy good things of this earth, for he has to keep in training; if he is a boxer he has to force himself to take punishment when his inclinations urge him to throw up the sponge; if he is a knight of the gun he has to tramp over the heather long after his legs have got tired. Whatever be his line in the world of sport, he has to assert his will either over himself or outside circumstances, and this constant use of his determination naturally increases its force, till it becomes evident on his features.

MR. J. G. RITCHIE,
the celebrated tennis player.

MR. G. A. OLLEY.

Its lightness is evident in his eyes. He plays the game all the time, and a child could tell you by mere look of him that he was a person to be trusted.

Apart from these facial evidences of the sportsman character, there is on his face abundant evidence of his physical condition.

His jaw is wide and the muscles of his face are highly developed, for they have grown in the course of years in sympathy with the rest of his muscular equipment.

Besides being an evidence of his physical strength, his face also bespeaks abundant health; the skin is fresh, clean and tinged with the good red blood that courses behind it.

All these facts go to explain why we like the sportsman, and therefore why we say that he is good-looking. The second follows the first, for a person whom we like is always pleasing to our eyes; and we like the sportsman because he is strong, straight and healthy.

Let us analyse the facial characteristics of the representative sportsmen whose portraits are reproduced on this page. I shall deal with them in the order in which they appear.

MR. G. F. ELMSLIE,
a prominent Cambridge athlete.

In the face of Mr. R. Dibble, the Somerset Rugby player, who has captained a victorious English fifteen, the dominant characteristic is unquestionably physical strength. We find also about the lines of his mouth evidence of that good-humour—almost of playfulness—which in nearly every case accompanies fine muscular development.

In the length of his upper lip we also see proof of that determination which makes him not only a successful player himself but also a competent captain for other men.

The usual firmness of the sporting face is in the case of Mr. J. G. Ritchie, the well-known tennis player, accentuated by the slight contraction of the brows. It does not amount to a frown, but it backs up the determined lines of the mouth.

His portrait is interesting for another reason. He parts his hair in the middle, as does many another sportsman, and this method of hair-dressing does not in any way make his face appear effeminate. It might if he had not his width of jaw, but then he has that jaw.

MR. A. O. JONES,
the famous Nottingham cricketer.

In the face of Mr. G. A. Olley, the famous long-distance cyclist, we find a distinct and rather interesting element. His is by no means a muscular face, and it is difficult to judge the strength of it from a sketch. All the same, when you meet him you know, without being told, that he is a sportsman. You know it by the firmness of his skin and the healthiness of it, not to mention the clearness of his eye.

In Mr. G. F. Elmslie, the Cambridge athlete, we have a typical example of the 'Varsity sportsman. The face is as strong as those of other men who go in largely for sport, but there is a thoughtful cast about it which proves its owner to be capable of other interests. Note also the long hair which is characteristic of the present day 'Varsity athlete.

The usual sporting firmness of the mouth is combined with the utmost openness of countenance in the face of Mr. A. O. Jones, the Nottingham cricketer.

The Rev. C. Edwards, better known as the "Fighting Parson," is typical of a certain section of the sporting world. His long nose and prominent chin brand him as belonging rather to the shooting and hunting type than to those who go in for exercises demanding greater strength.

In the face of Danny Maher, we find that childlike and bland expression which is common to almost every jockey. And we also find the firmness of mouth which is usually evident amongst horsey men.

In Mr. S. H. Shoveller we find the wide jaw, which again is typical of the sporting face.

The Rev. C. EDWARDS,
whose nickname is the "Fighting Parson."

Though, of course, the majority of sportsmen have become such simply because they liked sport, I have known some who deliberately put it to what we might call cosmetic uses; they have adopted games with the deliberate intention of improving the appearance not only of their bodies but also of their faces.

Whether we should consider them vain I do not know, but at least in their selection of a beauty doctor they have made no mistake, for the gymnasium and the athletic field are undoubtedly the masculine equivalents of the ladies' manicurist and face masseuse.

But, like other good things, this can be overdone.

A well-known footballer (whose name I had better keep to myself, as he might not care to see it figuring in this connection) once told me in the course of an interview that he started playing football with the sole intention of improving his looks, and thereby his chances in the affections of a certain maiden who worked in the same mill as himself. She had twitted him, so he told me, with looking "sloppy," and it was to meet her views as to masculine comeliness that he determined to harden his features and expression by taking up football.

DANNY MAHER,
one of our most successful jockeys.

He had scarcely played the game till then, but he had not followed it for long before he discovered that there lay within him undeveloped athletic talent of a high order.

Stimulated by success, he gave up all his spare time to the game, and became incidentally as strong of limb and face as he had desired to be—in the case of the latter a little too much so, as events proved.

Time went on till finally he was engaged to play for a first-class club. The wages attaching to this appointment put marriage well within his reach, and he suggested to his girl that they should get spliced forthwith.

Mr. S. H. SHOVELLER,
International Hockey player.

But the lady's ideas as to good looks had changed. She told him that she couldn't marry a man who looked like a prize-fighter, and in the end she threw him up in favour of a local reporter, who looked more "sloppy" than the footballer had ever done even in his most callow days.

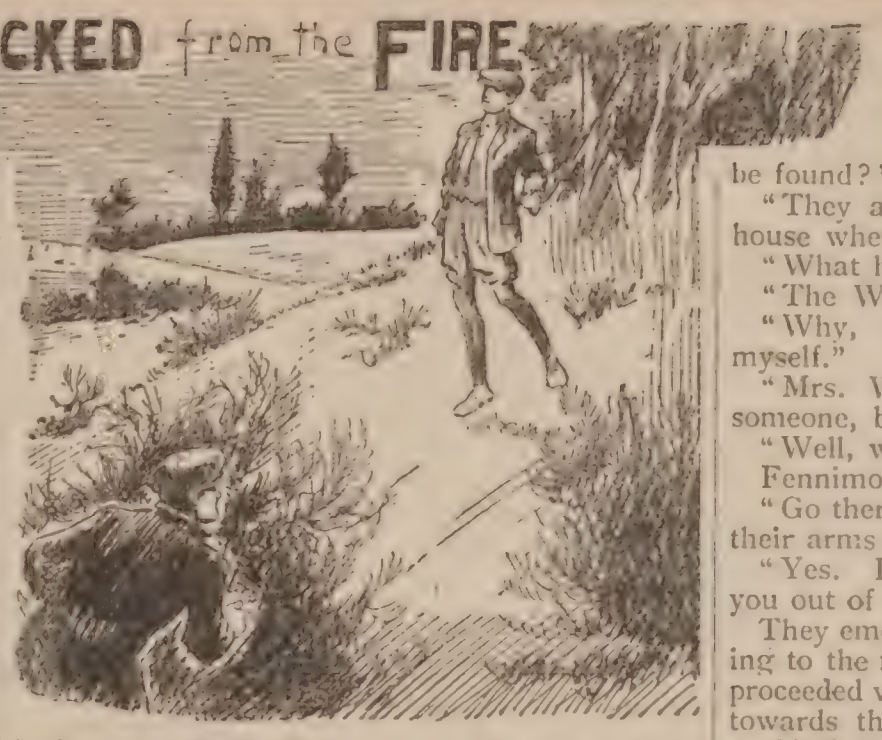
His turn came later, however, for the only daughter of a wealthy publican had a high esteem for the sporting type of face, and readily accepted him.

G. WILSON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

PLUCKED from the FIRE

By ROBERT CUNNINGHAM.



Arndale came striding down the heathery hillside, his knapsack slung on his back. There was a springiness in his step which told of many a walking tour such as this, when a thirty-mile stage was covered with the greatest ease.

Idly picturing to himself the snug old-world parlour at the farm—he had stayed with the Westons before—the crackling log fire, the cloth laid ready for him, he hummed a tune in joyful anticipation of his lot that night.

Not once did he dream of the crouching figure lurking in the thicket below, and watching his approach with wild, hunted eyes.

Arndale swung past the thicket, still gaily humming his tune. There was a rustle, a quick parting of the bushes, and the man leaped out at him.

The attack was so sudden that Arndale was swept off his feet before he could make the slightest effort to protect himself. It was a matter of seconds only until he was lying prone on the flat of his back, and his assailant, with quick, nervous pants, was attempting to rifle his pockets and tear off the knapsack.

"You infernal thief!"

In an instant Arndale's muscles grew tense, rigid. He crooked up one knee, planted it in the chest of the man kneeling over him, and with an upward jerk of the body sent him flying backwards. The man staggered and fell.

Arndale was on his feet in a second, and crossed towards his fallen adversary. He would teach this fellow a lesson. He would give him something he would remember.

The other sprang up. In the dimming light his face showed white and wild, but his clothing, though soiled and earth-stained, was unmistakably that of a gentleman.

For one half-second the two looked at each other with a kind of dawning recognition. Then, almost simultaneously, a name sprang to the lips of each.

"Fennimore!"

"Arndale!"

"Since when have you turned footpad, Fennimore?" Arndale asked.

Fennimore's head had gone down before his steady gaze.

"Don't blame me," he pleaded. "For Heaven's sake, don't reproach me in this way. I couldn't help myself. I was driven to it by mad, urgent necessity. I've got myself into a horrible mess."

"Tell me about it."

"I will. You may be able to help me. You got me out of a scrape once before, you remember."

Arndale nodded. He had known young Fennimore since they were at Rugby together. He had not seen much of him of late years, but heard that he had come in for money and was rather inclined to "go the pace."

"Wait a moment," Arndale said, taking out his flask. "You want something to steady you a bit. Here, take a pull at this."

Fennimore took the flask and gulped down a mouthful or two of the spirit. He shivered a little as he handed it back.

"That has done me good," he said. "I haven't touched a single thing all day. I've been skulking about here in hiding since early morning."

"Who were you hiding from?"

"I'll tell you. Do you remember the last occasion you met me in town?"

"I believe I do. You were in company with a man whose appearance was not exactly in his favour."

"His appearance did not belie him, though I had little suspicion at the time there was anything wrong.

"This man—Dumont is his name, or Captain Dumont, as he is sometimes styled—struck me as being a very agreeable acquaintance when we first met. He was essentially a man of the world.

"We got on rather friendly terms, and he dropped a hint that he and some of his friends had a sort of Brotherhood or Society among themselves. He made rather a mystery about it; wouldn't tell me what it was, or the objects they had in view; but the idea was enough for me. I was eager to join.

"He threw all sorts of difficulties in the way when I suggested it. He said it was a very exclusive circle and that the rules were most stringent. Naturally all this mystery made me the more eager to join, which was exactly what he had been manœuvring for.

"Dumont consented to take me to one of their meetings, and we drove to the house, which I found to be a respectable-looking West-End mansion.

"There was much of the usual mummery before we were allowed to enter: closed doors, secret signs, silent attendants, and all that kind of thing.

"There were about a dozen men present, all in evening dress, and we spent a most enjoyable evening. We smoked, chatted, played cards, and I was toasted as the guest of the evening. Before we broke up I was duly enrolled as a member of this secret club, signing various documents by which I bound myself to conform to the rules.

"Not until I had committed myself in this way, and they had me fast in their toils, did I discover the nature of this so-called Brotherhood. It was nothing more than an assembly of International adventurers, men of the most desperate and daring character, who were steeped in crime of every description.

"To start with, they fleeced and rooked me under one pretext or another. Not satisfied with that they went further. There was a crime to be committed, a man to be removed who had rendered himself obnoxious to them.

"Lots were drawn in the usual manner. By some jugglery, I suppose, the lot fell to me, and I was given the name of the victim.

"Good Heavens, Arndale! It was that of a judge on the bench, who had recently sentenced two of these men to long terms of penal servitude. And—and he was my own uncle!

"I don't know whether they were aware of this. I did not pause to consider. All I wanted was to get away from them. I saw now what my madness and folly had led me into.

"I fled into the country, thinking to hide myself from them. I came down here, where I had stayed before, and where I thought I should be safe.

"But I must have been watched. Early this morning, when I looked out from my window, I saw two of the gang loitering near the house. I knew they had come after me, and it was as much as my life was worth to be discovered.

"I escaped by the back way. I did not dare go back for my money and clothes. My only chance lay in getting away from the locality at once.

"I was driven to desperation when I saw you coming. I did not recognise you, of course. The mad idea came upon me to waylay and rob you, so as to secure the means of escape. Now you know the whole story, Arndale. What is to be done?"

"Where are these two rascals to be found?"

"They are sure to be keeping watch on the house where I was staying."

"What house was it?"

"The Westons' farm."

"Why, I was bound for that very house myself."

"Mrs. Weston told me she was expecting someone, but she did not mention the name.

"Well, we will go straight there now."

Fennimore shrank back.

"Go there!" he exclaimed. "Walk right into their arms!"

"Yes. Leave it to me, Fennimore. I'll get you out of the mess if I can."

They emerged on to a quiet country road leading to the farmhouse; and here, before they had proceeded very far, they saw two figures coming towards them. Fennimore stopped short, and grabbed Arndale by the arm.

"There they are!" he exclaimed. "They're coming."

Arndale drew him quickly aside into a hedge.

"Now, listen to me," he said hurriedly. "Wait here. Let them discover you as if you were resting. I'll slip behind the hedge and hear what they have to say. Leave the matter in my hands."

Scarcely was he out of sight than the two men came up. Their eyes instantly lighted upon Fennimore.

"Why, here's the young cub himself!" cried the taller of the two. "You young fool! Did you think to escape us in this way? Come, you've got to go straight back with us. The business of yours must be carried out, or you'll be put through it yourself."

He seized Fennimore by the arm. Arndale leaped over the hedge like a flash.

"Let go," he said.

"Who the devil are you?"

"You'll soon learn." And he smashed his fist into the ruffian's face.

The fellow went down with a flop in the muddy road. Without giving him time to rise, Arndale wheeled round on the other, and sent him flying into the hedge.

Fennimore's nerve appeared to have been broken by the anxieties he had passed through, for he stood looking on vacantly, never so much as offering his friend assistance.

Arndale, however, was more than capable of seeing the matter through single-handed.

He knew that the fight was not yet over by any means, though he had been lucky enough to get the first innings, and he stood firm and expectant, waiting for the next move that his enemies might make.

They made for him with a rush when they got on their feet; but right and left he let drive, and down they went again. The process had to be repeated several times before they could be brought to listen to reason.

"Now, my friends, mark what I have to say," wound up Arndale. "I am returning to town to-night, taking my young friend with me. Our first visit to-morrow morning will be to Scotland Yard; our next to the house in which you have been in the habit of meeting. If you are not there—or anywhere in London, for that matter—you know what to expect. Now, go!"

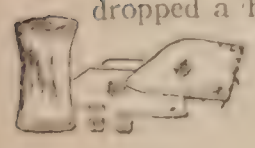
Two badly-mauled and mud-stained men took their way dejectedly to the nearest railway station, and took the first train back to London.

They were not found at the West-End mansion next day—neither they nor their fellows. It was deserted.

Fennimore breathed freely again. It had been a lesson to him, and he took care to profit by it.

"You've saved me, Arndale," he said. "You plucked me from the fire."

"Don't let it be a case of burning your fingers again," returned Arndale.



WHINES FROM THE WOOD.

MY LAST AND BEST BELOVED VICTIM.

This Man—we will give him that title by courtesy—has been, and is, of a certain interest to me, and I always feel glad when I know that his work is likely to appear in the illustrated magazines.

Not, be it understood, that I think at all highly of his stuff—on the contrary—but because, being in my debt, he interests me financially, as I have had to run him now for [illegible] years, and it costs something to keep him in [illegible] tobacco, clay pipes, and such-like luxuries.

As a budding author—and I doubt if the bud will ever [illegible]en sufficiently to allow him to be called a full-blown [illegible]—I first met him trying to write a magazine article in the cabin of a perfumed cattle-boat, the scent of which was richer and stronger than this Man's reputation can ever hope to be.

He was full of lazy innocence then, and whether he has dropped the innocence or not I don't know, but the laziness stuck to him like a poor relation ever since.

If he would only apply himself to labour, the ultimate chances of the Workhouse might be remote, but I fear the coming of the Old Age Pensions has removed all desire of effort from him.

And so, as it were, he sits on a fog bank with his head in the clouds and dreams of the "Might have been."

Those who know him will probably endorse this; in fact, I have heard it said that the only human instrument that can possibly cause him to display any swiftness of movement is the Tax-collector—and then generally in the opposite direction.

That human instrument once being successfully dodged, he sinks indolently back into his tobacco-tainted shell to dream of what he might have done had Fate made him a clergyman.

To those who do not know him this may seem harsh criticism, but I write it safe in the conviction that he is too lazy to institute steps in a libel action and far too careful to care.

There in the picture he stands, and it's very like him, with the exception that the lines suggest more grace and energy than he has ever been known to possess.

But if, in the foregoing sketches, you who have seen me read have been at all interested or amused in these outline portraits of the authors they were intended to portray, it is enough for me.

And so I—the original of this last and best pen-portrait of the lot—bow my hoary head, and, doffing my battered billycock to you, sir, good reader, in the hope that we may meet once more, remain

Yours Very Faithfully,

STANLEY L. WOOD.

"PINCHER."

A MILITARY SKETCH.

He had quite a remarkable genius for borrowing—not money so much, as articles of raiment, and other more or less unconsidered trifles.

Fate, assisted by the Quartermaster, put me in quarters next his, and I was nervously dressing for mess on my first evening with the regiment when "Pincher" walked in.

"I say, young feller, me lad," he said, "can you lend me any shirt studs? I've broken mine."

Of course, I was only too pleased, and handed over my gold set, contenting myself with mother-of-pearl. That was the last I saw of my studs, except in "Pincher's" shirt-front.

I had a pretty good outfit when I joined, but at the end of a month I was almost destitute.

"Pincher," on the other hand, was resplendent. Shirts, socks, handkerchiefs sticks, umbrellas, caps, even coats, found their way from my quarters to his, and he seemed to regard it as a perfect insult that my boots were too small for him.

On one occasion some of us, exasperated beyond endurance, raided "Pincher's" quarters, and a careful inventory of his effects left us with the conclusion that the only thing he possessed of his own was a toothbrush, and even that Tomlinson was pretty certain he, "Tommy," had paid for.

I have said that "Pincher" did not borrow money, nor did he directly, for there is a strong prejudice in the Service against borrowing. But indirectly "Pincher" bled us freely.

He never by any possibility ever had any change. Consequently you were always left to pay for the cab, or the afternoon tea or whatnot.

Then if you went down town with him, he had a playful trick of seeing something in a shop window that took his fancy, and saying: "Awfully sorry, old chap, but I quite forgot to bring out any change; would you mind paying just now, and I'll give it you when we get back to mess?"—a golden promise that was never by any chance fulfilled.

Never shall I forget the occasion when "Pincher" was best man at a wedding in the regiment.

Of course, the bridegroom must have been even more of a lunatic than most bridegrooms, to have chosen "Pincher" for the position. However, choose him he did, and rightly paid for his temerity.

The bridegroom was a decidedly shabby figure, in fact he looked quite down-at-heel.

"Pincher," on the other hand, was gorgeous, and the crowd cheered him under the impression that he was his principal.

He had got on the bridegroom's new frock coat and a new silk hat. "Oh, rats!" you may say—my dear sir, you didn't know "Pincher." I did.

He would have cozened the breeks off a Highlander, or the diamond ring off a Jew moneylender. Which reminds me that he also wore the bridegroom's best tie, specially purchased for the occasion, and his watch and chain.

Further, he had on my most presentable white waistcoat, the Adjutant's new light trousers, and someone else's patent leather boots.

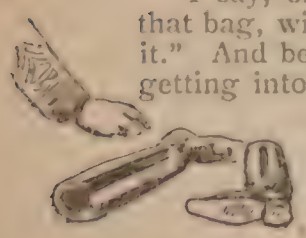
At the reception afterwards he seized the opportunity to borrow a "fiver" of the bride's father, whom he had never seen before, and took precious good care never to see again. The only thing that surprised us was that he did not borrow the bride as well.

Once I was being shifted to another depôt, and the fellows came in to say good-bye to me.

"Pincher" came, and, as he was leaving, his eye lit on a dressing-case lately presented to me by a fond parent.

"I say, old chap," he said, "you won't want that bag, will you? I've taken rather a fancy to it." And before I could get a word out he was getting into a cab with it.

"CHINSTRAP."



MY NOTEBOOK.

HORSES AND MYSELF. I have before me a letter from a reader who says: "Your paper is splendid, but I wish you would stop giving us so much about horses. Remember that we cannot all afford to keep a horse or even to hire an occasional hack."

I frankly admit that this paper is to some extent a horsey one, but I think it says something for the merit of my policy when I tell you that of my quarter-of-a-million readers, this is the first who has made the slightest objection to the articles on horsey matters which I have printed from time to time.

On the other hand, I have received many letters from readers who say that they like the paper because they always find something about horses in it.

Even if it were not so, even if my readers did not like the horse and all pertaining to it, you would still find a distinctly horsey flavour in THE MODERN MAN, because, as I have already told you, the paper is a reflection of my own character and likings, and, as I am an ardent lover of the horse, there must necessarily be a good deal of the stable about any publication which I control.

As my reader says, we cannot all afford to keep horses or even to hire them, but the horse is the Englishman's pet, and those of us who have been prevented by circumstances from enjoying his company, look forward to the day when they may be able to do so.

AN EARLY MOTIVE. I do not know whether I shall shock you when I confess that my love of horses was the motive power of my early life; it does not seem a very lofty ideal—possibly it may be a slight and trivial one, but it was the desire to possess a horse that urged me primarily to make money.

When I was at school I won a scholarship which paid my fees till I was eighteen, and I stopped at school till I reached that age. Had I gone into business at fourteen, as I might have done, I should have been making a little money, but I wanted eventually to make a lot, and so I willingly remained at school till the expiration of my scholarship so that I should be fully prepared for the University training which I believed would help me in after life.

In the meantime, however, I was making money. From fifteen onwards through my school days, I made from £1 to £7 per week by writing articles and stories for the London weeklies. As I know very well, and as you of course have discovered, I am nothing of a writer, and I should not permit any of my own productions, bar these rambling notes, to appear in THE MODERN MAN; but, fortunately for me, the editors of the papers which bought my work never discovered my absolute lack of ability as a writer.

WHY I BEGAN TO WRITE. I wrote in those days because I wanted money in order that I might learn to ride, and the first money I made was expended upon a course of lessons at a riding school kept by an ex-jockey in the town in which I lived.

He chaffed me a good deal about my object in coming to him, for he said that I could already ride as well as most of his finished pupils. I had scarcely been on a horse before I went to him, but I had a kind of instinct for horsemanship and a thorough love of horses which made me learn very quickly.

During my schooldays I spent a considerable portion of my literary earnings in hiring horses to ride upon. Almost every evening I would have a horse out and take him down to the beach, which was a sandy one. When the tide had gone out, the sand was damp and firm, and you could gallop a horse along it for miles if you felt so disposed.

Many an evening have I cantered along that beach, sometimes when darkness was falling and it was difficult to see where the sand s and the water began.

It was on one of these expeditions that ceived the idea of THE MODERN MAN.

CONCEIVING THE IDEA. The beach was always interc was nothing but firm, damp sand might following day be covered with a small la water which had been left by the receding w

One evening I had under me the best in the old jockey's stable, and we were t hell-for-leather along the beach when sud I beheld in front of me a big patch of which had not been there on the pre evening.

To pull my horse up would have been sible, there was nothing for it but to put it and take the chance of landing safely o other side. I knew that he was scarcely to get over, for the water was wide, but him have his head.

We landed in the middle of the pool w terrific splash, and floundered out on to land.

I do not know why it was. Possibly there in this active physical recreation some tonic upon my mind, possibly it may have been to the fact that my thoughts had been co upon journalism as a means of making me but, anyhow, as we scrambled up the other side of the pool the idea suddenly to me of starting a paper for men.

The title was to be THE MODERN MAN, the various features were to be much as you them before you.

I don't suppose it was an inspiration; i simply the result of a combination of circ stances, but at that moment the paper a stands flashed before me.

WORKING IT OUT. Having once conceived this I worked very, very hard to money enough to carry it The ambition to own and edit a paper was a new motive, but I had the additional one desiring to own a horse.

Later on I found yet another incentive w we need not discuss, but the horse has alw retained a firm place in my affections, for believe it is the only dumb thing which man may love without causing his sweetheart the slightest pang of jealousy—I really beli she likes him the better because he is fond his horse.

Things have moved quickly with me si these youthful days, though they are not so v long past, and I have been the happy owner several horses. Possibly I may tell you som thing about them next week.

The main fact, so far as I am concerned, that the idea of this paper was conceived horseback, and that riding is my chief, though by no means my only, recreation. These things being so, I think you will excuse me for giving prominence to matters horsey.

But it is scarcely necessary for me to ask you forbearance; you are a lover of horses yourself

IMPROVEMENTS. "You ask your readers to introduce THE MODERN MAN to those who have not seen it," writes a Leeds correspondent, "because you say an increased circulation will enable you to introduce certain improvements. Then I, for one, would do what you suggest, for I don't want any improvements; the paper is just right as it is."

But wouldn't it be better if it were printed on thicker paper and if there were four more pages each week at the same price? These are the first improvements I contemplate, and with your assistance I shall carry them out. I love the character of THE MODERN MAN I shall not tamper; that to me is almost a sacred thing.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

AN AND A PRIG.

LETE SHORT STORY.

C. HOLT HENLE.

young men met at
of the works. Both
ing out, for the day's
work.

evening! Coming
?" said Marston.
drew himself up and
his head slowly and
ll his eyes were full
e person of the other;
looked him up and
very deliberately.

are you talking
asked crushingly.
—to a fellow-work-
Marston smiled at him
mouredly.

se remember your
said Flend. "Clerks are
ally classed as workmen."
t are they then—workshies? Haven't
work for your living the same as I
What is a workman?"

had passed out of the gate and turned
same direction along the road.
quickened his steps and his sallow com-
became almost ruddy with annoyance,
ston quickened his likewise and swung
eside him with the easy stride of the
and with a mischievous twinkle in his

k at your clothes," Flend snapped out;
a gentleman and dress as one."
inly there was a difference in their get-
arston wore the worked-soiled, shabby
suited to his business as a cement-
while Mr. Flend—he always insisted on
, so we may as well give it to him—
lounge suit of the latest cut, as tight-
as if he had stays on; his trousers were
late, and his feet were ornamented with
leather boots.

her respects the workman had the ad-
considerably. Marston was well-set-up
face was as likeable as it was strong, for
ted invariable good humour and health.
e him Mr. Flend cut a poor figure, walk-
h short, hurried steps—at a pace which
d would shake off this undesirable com-
but the only effect of which was to make
puff and sweat.

ing his long nose down to a positive
nd screwing up his mouth, he grinned to
at what he considered his final and most
g rejoinder to this presumptuous work-

k at my clothes!" Marston repeated, the
of his mouth now developing into a
earted laugh. "What's the matter with

d's reference to dress struck him as highly
ous, but he knew it had been intended
and so he thought it just as well to give
nder a bit of his mind.

you were a true gentleman," he went on,
ot the paltry snob you are, you'd know
lothes don't make the gentleman, and
shown you're not one, anyhow, by your
d impudence to a chap you think your

w I could understand your not caring to
walking with me if I were very dirty,
always have a wash and brush-up before
the works. Still, if you don't want my
ny, I'm sure I don't want yours. We
ave a long walk home—we live in the
treet—and I thought you'd like a bit of
lighten the road. But I see I made a
e in my man. In fact I was wrong in
you for a man at all—you're only a
little prig."

With that Marston increased his stride
uickly left the breathless, flushed and highly exasperated Flend in the rear.

On the following day, Marston had charge of the carrier that conveys the cement from the grinding mill, and Flend had occasion to pass through the yard. He strutted along with the air of a peacock amongst daws, holding his head very stiffly, for fear of spoiling the set of his collar.

Out of sheer devilment, Marston set the mill going and raised a tremendous cloud of fine dust, completely obscuring everything and everybody.

Stopping the machinery just as suddenly, he peered through the settling dust and saw that the immaculate clerk, who had been standing at the edge of the storm cloud, had got a grey film of it on his shoulders.

"Look at your clothes, Mr. Flend," Marston could not refrain from calling out. "You'll have to spend five minutes with a clothes brush before you're a gentleman again."

Flend was furious. His appearance was the one thing on earth he cared for, though it was little enough to be proud of. He glared in impotent rage at the giant by the machine.

And the other mixers who saw the little incident added a few comments of a harsher kind, for Mr. Flend, in spite of the many merits which he believed himself to possess, was a long way from being popular.

From that hour Mr. Flend burned with desire and determination to be revenged somehow or another on Marston.

The only way he could think of, with safety to himself—a very necessary consideration, of course—was surreptitiously to put a hammer-head in the cement of Marston's machine, and so smash it.

This was a low-down trick sometimes resorted to by workmen who were under notice to leave or who had a grudge of any kind against the management.

During the dinner hour, Flend saw a favourable opportunity for putting this scheme into execution. He stayed behind all the other clerks, as well as the workmen, so that when he left the office the yard was deserted.

He had appropriated a hammer-head earlier in the day, unnoticed by anyone, and, crossing to the mill Marston had charge of, he dropped it into the cement.

"That'll settle him," he laughed mirthlessly, as he went off. "It will wreck the machine, and he'll be sacked at the least; maybe he'll get prosecuted and sent to gaol for wilful damage."

Jack Marston re-entered the works when the whistle blew. His face shone with robust health and jovial good temper, for he and the other younger workmen had been enjoying a game of football on the waste ground outside the gates, while the older men had looked on banteringly.

With a merry quip to those about him, Jack was about to set his mill going when the managing director, Mr. Rivington, came up.

"I don't think that cement is calcined enough," he said; and he began poking about amongst it with his stick. "Ah, Mr. Flend," as the clerk entered the gate with the rest of the counting-house staff. "I want you to attend me here. Bring your note-book and pencil."

Flend had gone rather pale at being singled out thus by Mr. Rivington, but he was relieved by that gentleman's words. He hurried into the office, to reappear quickly, pencil and notebook in hand.

"I think you had better send this stuff back to the rough mill, Marston," Mr. Rivington was saying as the clerk came back. "Hullo! What's this?"

He had turned up the hammer-head.

A momentary silence, during which Mr. Rivington eyed Marston sternly and accusingly, and the latter turned white and red by turns.

The natural embarrassment or confusion that arises from being accused of a crime or caught apparently in a wrong act, will make a man blush and appear guilty however innocent he may be. Conscious guilt, on the other hand, generally tries to carry off matters by furious anger and bluster—pretence at righteous indignation.

"Marston, did you put that hammer-head there?"

"No, sir, I did not. Why should I do such a thing?"

"To smash the machinery, I suppose. At any rate, that's the only motive anyone could have for putting such a thing in the machine. And this is not the first time it has happened; you know that as well as I do."

"I'm not guilty, sir," Marston protested. "I assure you that I didn't put that hammer-head there."

"Then who did?"

"I don't know, but I swear I didn't."

Mr. Rivington looked very steadily at him, and put the hammer-head in his pocket.

"Well, of course, my man," he said at length, "there is only one way of dealing with such an occurrence; and that is for you to go to the office, get your money and take your departure. I can't prosecute you because I've got no real proof that you put the thing in the machine."

"I don't blame you, sir," said Marston. "It's natural enough you should think I did it; but don't you think, if I were mean enough to do such a thing, I should also be 'cute enough to put the hammer-head in someone else's machine, and not in my own?"

"Don't give me any of your sauce, my man. Go to the office, get your money, and—clear out!"

Mr. Bert Flend, standing behind, was enjoying his victim's discomfiture so much that he could not keep his delight wholly bottled up. It found vent in an insuppressible snigger as Marston turned to go.

But his triumph was shortlived.

Mr. Rivington suddenly swung round and caught the gloating leer in the beady eyes, the malicious grin on the saturnine, cadaverous face.

He shouted to Marston, who was now half way across the yard:

"Here, Marston! Stop! I want you!"

And Marston came back.

"I know you didn't put the thing there," Mr. Rivington went on. "I saw Flend do it when he thought no one was in the building to see him during the dinner-hour. But I chanced to be in my private office, and I was looking out of the window."

Flend reeled and turned deadly white. He was always cadaverous, but he never looked more like a corpse than he did then.

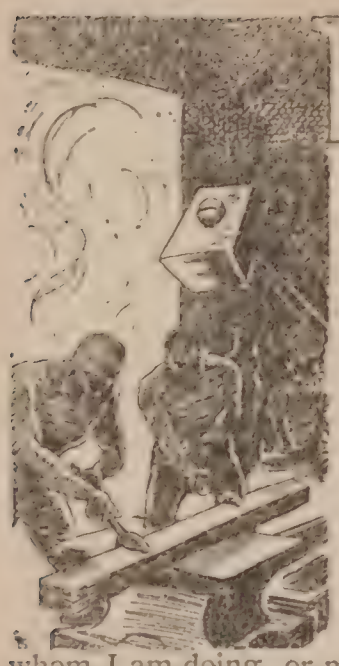
He seemed so limp and flabby the onlookers expected to see him fall in a heap.

"I thought I'd give you a chance to redeem yourself, Flend," said Mr. Rivington, his face now as red with anger as the other's was white with fear. "I thought you'd admit your guilt and act the part of a man when you heard a fellow employee accused of your offence, but you haven't as much manliness in you as a rat. You're no man but a low blackguard, and I could have you sent to gaol."

"Oh, no, no, don't do that, sir, for the sake of my people. I—I beg of you, sir, to have mercy."

"Your sort are always like that," said Mr. Rivington. "You whine for mercy when you would have shown Marston none. But make your mind easy. You're not worth prosecuting. Take yourself out of this before I'm tempted too much to kick you out; and I hope you'll have considerable difficulty in getting another situation. As for you, Marston, I'll raise your wages by another ten shillings a week. You're a good workman and worth it to us."

To Marston's credit, be it said, he did not once look towards Flend as that individual slunk away, but then Jack Marston was a man in every sense of the word.



Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

PRIVATE INQUIRIES.

I could not tell you out of hand how many private inquiry agents have called at my office suggesting that I should employ them to ascertain any facts I wanted to know about firms with whom I am doing, or might be doing, business. I should think I have seen representatives of at least a dozen inquiry agents, and I am not anxious to see any more.

I daresay there are good inquiry agents, but those with whom I have come in contact have not aroused my admiration.

One little story will drive home my point better than any amount of talk.

I happened to meet a young man who was engaged as a clerk in another office at £1 per week. He was rather shrewd and appeared to have more than the usual amount of initiative and originality, and it so happened that at the time I had a post vacant where these qualities would have proved useful.

I could have taken advantage of his circumstances and have offered him 25s. per week as salary, but I considered that the work I wanted done was worth £2 a week, and that was the sum I offered him.

He thanked me most cordially, and we fixed a date when he should leave the post he held and come to me.

Then one morning there came into my office a person—I do not call him a man, because that is a term which I regard as rather an honourable one. This person said to me:

"Your name has come before us, Mr. MacNaughten, in the course of our business, and we thought that perhaps you would like to have a few inquiries made for your own firm."

I told him that I should show him the door forthwith unless he gave me the name of the person who was making inquiries about me. He hummed and hawed for a while, but eventually told me that the inquiry came from a firm of wholesale jewellers, with whom I never had dealings, but with whom I knew the man I proposed to engage was employed.

I talked for a little while with this tout for inquiry jobs, and finally sent him packing. Then I dictated a letter warning the clerk not to give his present employers notice, as I should not take him on my staff. I added that it was possible to be over-cautious.

Possibly I was wrong in acting as I did. Perhaps he was justified in making private inquiries about me. All I can say is that I consider absolute loyalty and faith to be necessary on both sides for the successful conduct of any business, and I held that if a man made inquiries concerning my financial standing he did not have that implicit faith in me which I required.

As a matter of fact these inquiry agents could not have told him anything. They could not have disclosed to him the amount of my bank balance, neither could they have hazarded a guess as to my debts or as to the amount of money owing to me. My business to them is, as to all strangers, a closed book. All they could tell their client was that I had been established in a certain place for a certain time.

That is all that the average business inquiry agent does tell his client. You pay so much for a dozen or twenty inquiries, and when you make an inquiry you generally receive a reply to the effect that: "This firm has not been established very long, and we do not know very much about it." That is all you get.

Very useful this information must be to a man who wants to know exactly how things stand!

But their incompetence to give information is not the worst point about inquiry firms. What I detest them for is that, so far as I know them, immediately you ask them to make an inquiry on your behalf, they go to the person you are inquiring about, try to excite his interest by telling him that an inquiry has been made about him, and endeavour to secure him as a client.

Time and again inquiry agents have come to me with the same old story that my name has been mentioned in the course of their business, and never yet have I failed to get from them the name of the person inquiring about me. In each case I have avoided transacting business with their clients.

Caution is necessary in business, and it would in many cases be highly advantageous for men to know exactly the financial status of a rival, but this information is not to be obtained from the average inquiry agent.

The one and only way to obtain confidential information in business is to make friends with other business men. Reputations are more often taken away than made, but round the friendly lunch table you pick up many little points of gossip that will assist you in your daily transactions.

As for enlisting the services of an inquiry agent, I would sooner give the money as a contribution to the funds of the Suffragettes.

SCAMPERS.

There is an innate tendency in each of us to scamp. Shortly after it was launched, the Dreadnought had to be drydocked because some of the rivet holes had been left without rivets.

When the Montague was wrecked the salvage man found many serious defects in the parts of her that were hidden from ordinary view. This was all due to work carelessly done by some riveter who was simply in a hurry to get finished and get home.

The riveters responsible for the scamping of the Dreadnought were promptly sacked. The scampers in offices are very often not found out, their punishment lies in the lack of progress. They scamp trifles, but unfortunately do not stop at that.

They avoid all forms of what they consider unnecessary exertion, the acquirement of knowledge concerning their business amongst the number. Then they begin to wonder why they are not promoted.

IN ANSWER TO YOURS.

"I can always write a good business letter, even when I have been drunk the night before," wrote an applicant for the position of private secretary to a well-known business man.

Another was good enough to say: "I observe that you require the secretary to travel. This would suit me all right, as my wife says she is sick of the sight of me, and is never so happy as when I am away from home."

"Being ambiguous to better my position," wrote another candidate, "I have every confidence that I shall be successful in the past as I have always been in the future."

"Am leaving my present position through no fault of my own," wrote another. "My boss is a cantankerous beast, and when I had stood him as long as I was going to, I slapped his face."

The young man who enclosed a portrait of his sweetheart, with the information that they were soon to be married, had a strong faith in the romantic element in business. But what shall be said of the applicant who forwarded a photograph at the foot of which was written "My father!"

UNSAFE SAFES.

Never buy a second hand safe. If ... not afford a new one, go in for a big ... you can. There is no telling through ... hands that safe with its key may have gone ... you may be surprised one morning to di... that your safe has been neatly opened ... duplicate.

Occasionally you may lose the key of ... safe, and probably when you find it again ... go on using it as before. This is incau... An impression may have been taken of tha... while it was out of your possession, and ... one may have a duplicate waiting to ... when a suitable opportunity presents its... you have lost your key have the lock alter... new keys made.

Many business men keep the duplicate ... their safe locked in their desk. This as... injudicious. The one and only proper ... a duplicate safe key is at your banker's.

GOSSIP.

It has been calculated that enough ti... wasted through chatting in the factories ... offices of Britain each morning, to build a ... ship.

Before we start work we almost inva... gossip. My remarks do not interest the ... man, but he listens to me with the air ... of patience, in order that he also may be ... to when he enjoys himself in the trotting ... his pet theories. Conversation has been ... the quickest method of mental improv... and I daresay it may be so, provided the ... you converse with are comparative strangers.

The man in the office, with whom you ... worked daily for years, has nothing fresh ... you. His conversation is necessarily of the ... thoughtful and merely news-purveying typ... you would get in your daily paper. You ... this, though you will not admit it, and ... cuse to yourself the fifteen minutes' gossip ... placing it under the head of necessary re... tion.

A man cannot work at full pressure all ... time, you say. Perhaps not. But surely ... is no need for relaxation the first thing in ... morning.

The truth is that in gossiping we simply ... to an inherent desire to shirk work. We ... to put off as long as possible the evil moment ... beginning. The man who wins begins at o...

PREMIUM FRAUDS.

It is perfectly legitimate that a pr... should be demanded from an apprentice, ... guarantee that he means to work, and as ... pensation for the time it takes to teach him. ... most of the newer businesses, however, ... system has been fraudulently exploited.

Electrical engineering, the motor car ... journalism and the stage are the happy hu... grounds of this particular type of swindle. ... game is to promise to teach a pupil the w... business for a lump sum of from £20 to £... A complaint has just reached me fro... reader who has been rather badly bitten by ... of these fraudulent firms in a Lancashire ... He had as a boy been apprenticed to a ... so-called electrical engineers, but during ... three years he has been with them he was ... allowed to do more than melt the ... compounds and heat the soldering bo... journeymen. Of the methods of work in ... practically nothing, and he was incapa... carrying out the installation of a bell.

He endeavoured to obtain a post after lea... this firm, but was unsuccessful, and it was ... after putting in another year with a reput... manufacturer that he finally succeeded ...

It is difficult to say why the newer ... professions are more liable to this type of ... than the other ones. Possibly it is because ... novelty of them attracts more aspirants and ... the coffers of the swindlers more quickly. ... is impossible to exercise too much caution ... selecting a firm if one intends to learn a ...

How to Keep a Uniform

SOME HINTS ON TERRITORIAL TOGS.

The soldier has a lot of trade secrets which enable him to keep his kit always smart and in good order, and which the Territorial often has some difficulty in discovering.

The days of pipeclay are fortunately almost at an end, but many corps still have need to use it on their full-dress kit—sword belts, whistle-cords, collars and facings still have to be kept white in many regiments.

The cleanest and handiest stuff to use is put up in solid blocks in strong watertight tins with a sponge, with which it is applied. You must never be satisfied with one coating—five or six will often be required before buckskin becomes really presentable.

Even if pipeclay is not actually required for whitening, however, it is still an invaluable part of the Territorial's cleaning outfit.

For cleaning dirty patches on red tunics or uniforms of any equally light colour and closely woven cloth, it is a simple and excellent expedient.

Just pipeclay the stain as if you wished to whiten it, and then when it is thoroughly dry, brush the pipeclay off with a stiff clothes brush. You will need to put some elbow grease into both operations—as into the cleaning of most parts of your uniform. Salts of lemon are also most excellent for cleaning tunics.

ACCOUTREMENTS.

Brown belts and leather accoutrements are often served out with a lightness of colour which at once betrays the raw recruit, as well as looking unsightly.

If you are unfortunate enough to get one of this kind, it is worth while taking a little trouble to tone it down. There are preparations sold for the express purpose of darkening brown leather, but their aid is seldom necessary.

Expose the leather for as long as possible to the light of the sun and to the air, and give it frequent applications of ordinary brown boot polish, and its colour will soon become more sombre.

In cleaning all brown leather accoutrements, be careful to bend them so as to stretch the surface of the part you are polishing, and to eliminate the grain. Thus the whole surface will be touched by the polish, and not merely the ridges that form the top of the grain.

Never make holes in a belt, or waterbottle-strap with a knife. Go either to the quartermaster-sergeant, or to a saddler, and have them properly punched. Apart from the look of the thing, the leather is very apt to tear where the hole has a ragged edge, if any strain at all is put on it.

BAYONETS AND PUTTEES.

In cleaning your bayonet, use a piece of sandstone (or, failing that, fine emery paper) on the blade, and if you have not a dulled one, on the metal parts of the hilt.

Black the front of the scabbard with ordinary blacking, but not the back. Remember that the latter will be rubbing against the side of your tunic, and the blacking will take hours to clean off.

Roll up your puttees as you take them off. They will soon lose their shape if you fail to do so. Always roll outwards—so that the name tab is on the outside. If the edges get frayed, trim them with a pair of large scissors. It is hardly necessary to add that each must always be worn on the same leg.

In putting on puttees, wind them outwards, i.e., on the left leg from right to left, and vice versa. In regulation puttees the nicks in the edge at the ankle will show you which is the top side, and therefore which belongs to which leg.

Fold up your togs carefully when you put them away. Creases in the wrong places look even worse in a uniform than in an ordinary suit.

To fold breeches, lay them flat on the ground or hold them against your body. Then fold them backwards, so that the side-seams meet at the back, and pull out the loose stuff until they lie absolutely flat. Put them away under the rest of your kit.

Overalls are folded in the same way as ordinary trousers, with the crease down the front.

The boots are the most important, if least conspicuous, part of the Territorial's outfit, especially if he is an infantryman.

GETTING BOOTS FIT.

The great thing is to take time by the forelock and get your marching boots really soft before camp. The best plan is to leave them standing in a bath of oil, but failing this, a plentiful and frequent application of dubbin is advisable. A penny tin is quite a large affair, and means an enormous gain in comfort, for not only are the uppers made soft and ready to conform to the shape of the foot, but they are waterproofed and will save you from sore feet due to wet socks.

Only your marching boots, and not your walking-out boots, must be treated in this way, for a boot once dubbined will never take blacking well.

For brightening metal surfaces a useful thing is a burnisher, a small square of thick leather, to which are sewn closely interwoven steel links like those of a cavalry shoulder chain.

For cleaning buttons and badges which cannot actually be removed from the cap or tunic, a button-stick is, of course, indispensable. The best kind are made of a thin brass plate with an open end to the slit. Those of wood, being thicker, are apt to wrench the stitching of the button and are no use for collar or cap badges.

Ordinary plate powder is a most efficient means of cleaning buttons, but I have known more than one soldier who used nothing but a mixture of French chalk and oxalic acid.

A good stiff brush is necessary to get the powder off embossed buttons when they have been thoroughly rubbed with a cloth and the powder is dry.

SMARTENING UP YOUR CAP.

The new pattern service cap has the disadvantage of being a very awkward thing to pack, and you must be careful not to put it away with anything on the top of it.

If you want it to have a really smart appearance, I should recommend you to get a metal stiffener to insert in the front. They are rarely served out with the caps for the rank and file though all officers wear them.

They can be obtained of any military outfitter for a few pence, and the raising of the cap in front greatly smartens the appearance.

It is often a problem what to wear under your uniform. A good flannel shirt without a collar is no doubt the best thing, though personally I have always worn a cricket shirt, as this looks more respectable when you take your tunic off—and in camp you spend most of the day in shirt-sleeves, even a "shirt-sleeves" parade being common in hot weather with many corps who are out for work and not for lady-killing.

M. H. Allw.

ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.
THEIR TREATMENT & COMPLETE CURE.

ASTOUNDING AND GENEROUS OFFER BY A WORLD-FAMED SPECIALIST. £1,000 AT STAKE.

In connection with the published statistics relating to the appalling increase of tuberculosis (lung diseases of all descriptions), consumption and asthma, a representative of The Modern Man visited the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute at Burgess Hill, and obtained from Professor Richard Haynel, the Head Specialist, some wonderful information with regard to his treatment. So earnest is he in his determination to give every sufferer an opportunity to successfully combat these dangerous diseases that he has asked us to inform our readers that he will forward any sufferer mentioning our paper full details of how "To Cure Yourself," free of all charge. He also offers to send a copy of his great work which deals with the Weidhaas Home Treatment in a comprehensive manner, setting forth in simple language the easiest, most rational, and really marvellous methods for effecting a cure, no matter how long the dreadful disease may have been running its evil way.

The book is compiled by a well-known Specialist, who has devoted over twenty-five years' study to the vital question of securing and restoring health to sufferers from Consumption, Asthma, Chest and Stomachic complaints. The treatment has been thoroughly tested during that period, and the number of cases in which it has proved efficacious runs into many thousands. The Professor gave several instances of remarkable cures, vouched for by letters received from patients, and the following genuine testimonials shown to our representative, amongst others, are selected as typical records of many hundreds of similar cases:—

"To the Director of the Weidhaas Institute,—"Dear Sir,—I write thanking you for the kind consideration and care you have rendered me in the curing of my complaint—asthma. Before entering upon your treatment, I did not know what it was to enjoy good health. I always had a tight feeling across my chest, and the least cold I had I could scarcely get my breath. If I was quite well on going to bed at night, in an hour or two's time I have been awakened by a feeling of suffocation, and as if there was not a breath of air to be had, but since undergoing your treatment I feel as well in health and spirits as anyone could wish to be. I can sleep right through the night, always enjoy my food, and walking is a pleasure; whereas, before, the least exertion tired me. My wish is that everyone suffering from asthma could try your treatment.—Yours faithfully, A. FELLOWS, King Swindon" (Full address on application.)

Another wonderful cure effected in a long-standing case of consumption, affords further evidence of the remarkable efficacy of the Weidhaas Home Treatment. Mrs. W. Spencer, of Guisborough, (whose full address can be had on application) writes:—"I hope you will excuse me in being so long in answering your letter. I am thankful to tell you I am still keeping quite well. Before coming under your treatment I was given up for consumption by two doctors. My symptoms were a dreadful cough, and spit thick phlegm in awful quantities, shortness of breath, and if I just walked across the room I was so weak I used to break out in sweats, but now, after undergoing the full course of your treatment, I am thankful to tell you I am quite changed. My cough has gone, I do not spit and have no shortness of breath. I can get about and do my work with pleasure," etc.

The Professor is quite prepared to pay £1,000 to any charitable institution we may name if one testimonial published by the Weidhaas Hygienic Institute can be proved other than genuine. We can only impress upon our readers who suffer, the importance of immediately communicating with the Director of the Institute. Write at once, giving particulars of your symptoms, and you may rest assured that your case, no matter how complicated or serious, will have the prompt, personal attention of Professor Haynel. Address in full, mentioning that we advised you to write:—THE WEIDHAAS HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 130A, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE

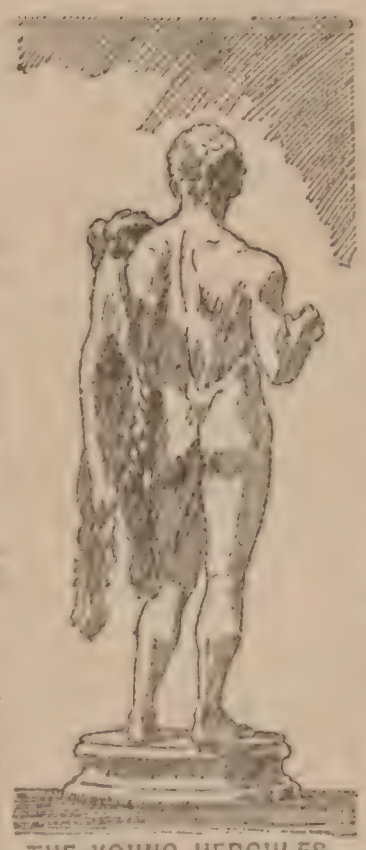
Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

SWIMMING COSTUME FOR THE CULTURIST.

One frequently sees photographs of physical culture enthusiasts wearing swimming costumes. The idea is not a bad one, for this particular dress, being close-fitting, shows the muscles to full advantage; but while admitting the strong points of the swimming costume from the photographic standpoint, I do not support it as a dress for use when doing the exercises.

There are some exercises where one instinctively prefers the clothes to be tight-fitting, as for instance in the case of the horseman's lower limbs, but horse riding is a different thing from physical culture exercises; in the latter you wish to have the muscles untrammelled, so that there is not the slightest restriction upon their movements.



THE YOUNG HERCULES,
From the bronze in the Vienna Museum.

It has already been suggested in this page that the best costume for the culturist is that which Nature gave him—provided always he takes the precaution of turning the key in the door of his bedroom. Failing that, a pair of shorts and shoes such as are depicted in the various small pictures illustrating my exercises are the best.

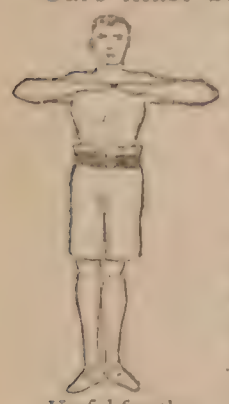
If you do not care about wearing shorts, or do not possess a pair and have no desire to get them, an easy pair of flannel trousers will answer the purpose just as well. If you go in for gymnasium work, long trousers are almost necessary, for the legs must be protected against ropes and so on.

A bathing triangle is of course a different thing from a bathing costume; the former is little more than a waist clout, while the latter covers most of the body. If you think that there is the faintest chance of someone in the house across the way seeing through the curtains of your bedroom, you might perhaps wear one of these bathing triangles, but I should not advise you to go in for a bathing costume as a dress for your exercises.

FOREARMS AND SHOULDERS.

The starting position for this exercise is as in the sketch, with the body braced up to attention, and the finger tips touching in front of the chest.

Care must be taken to get the elbows as far as possible in line with the shoulders, and the arms must remain in the same plane throughout the exercise, in spite of the tendency to drop the upper arm.



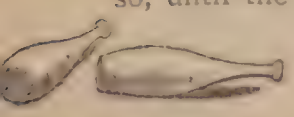
Useful for the swimmer—and others.

Now tense all the arm muscles, and bring the fore-arms slowly round until the arms are extended at the sides, with the hands stretched out and the palms downwards.

The arms must be pressed back until the tensing of the shoulder muscles can be distinctly felt, before being slowly returned to the original position with the hands in front of the body, and the thumbs against the chest.

The muscles of the fore-arms and of the shoulders will be especially benefited by this exercise, and the development of chest and lungs will also be greatly aided.

The exercise should be done a dozen times or so, until the arms are regularly tired.



A MUSTARD BATH.

There are few forms of refresher after hard exercise, or a tiring day's work, to equal the mustard bath.

Ammonia has certainly a most refreshing effect, but the pungency of the odour is apt to be a little trying.

All you want to do is to take a tablespoonful or two of ordinary mustard powder, and put it into your warm bath, and to stir it up well before getting in.

The effect of even this small amount of mustard will be to produce a pleasant tingling in your skin, and to draw the blood to the surface.

Try it when you are tired out, or when you feel that you want bucking up—not in the morning, for the cold bath is what you want then—but after exercise, and you will find that there is nothing to equal the mustard bath as a refresher.

A dash of scent in your bath has a very refreshing effect, but is costly, whereas mustard is cheap, and a pennyworth goes a long way.

Beware of putting in too much at first. Experience will tell you how much is desirable.

A handful is usually enough, but if you have a fairly tough hide, you may find that a little more is necessary to give you the full benefit.

FOR THE FORE-ARMS.

Extend the arms in front of you in a slanting direction, so that the hands come a little below the waist. Clench the fists tightly and cross the wrists so that the fronts are touching.

An exercise from Japan.

Now raise the fists to a level with the face, doing the movement very slowly, and making the left arm do the lifting, while the right presses it down. Throughout this exercise the elbows should be kept slightly bent. Repeat it not more than five times.

While other muscles benefit largely, this exercise is chiefly useful in the quick development of the fore-arms. It is practised by the native wrestlers of Japan, and is admittedly one of the finest for its purpose.

SKIN MASSAGE.

The advantages of massage as a remedy for various complaints have been dealt with more than once on this page and elsewhere in the paper.

But the value of massage in keeping the skin in good condition and improving its texture is apt to be overlooked.

One does not need any technical knowledge in order to get the benefits of a little self-applied skin-massage.

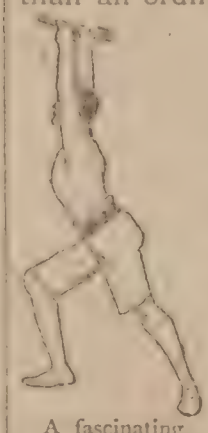
Force is not required when only the skin is being treated, and though a gentle kneading process is most beneficial in opening the pores and removing blackheads, a good rubbing with a rough Turkish towel is most effectual.

When washing your face use water as hot as you can bear it, and dry it on a rough towel, rubbing as if you wanted to bring the skin away.

Similarly after your cold bath a good hard rubbing—by someone else if you are so fortunate as to be able to enlist the services of a pal, or failing that by yourself—will bring a glow to your skin and set your circulation going again in less than no time, and if possible it should precede your exercises every morning.

FOR LEGS AND CHEST.

An excellent exercise which combines a g
development of the chest with all the ben
of the lunging exercises on the lower limb
the following, which needs no other appli
than an ordinary walking stick.



A fascinating exercise with a walking-stick.

Start at attention, with the
grasped firmly in both hands
The stick should be in fron
the body, resting against
legs, and the hands about
and a-half feet apart.
Then lunge smartly forw
and to the right with the r
foot, throwing up the arms
the same direction, and throw
back the head, until you
ing at the stick above it.
Force the arms back, so
throw the chest out as muc
possible, and to bring
shoulder-blades together.
Recover to the starting position, and re
the process to the left, with the left foot forw
and the arms thrown up in the same positio
before.

Throughout the exercise the stick m
held in a firm grip, so that the muscles o
arms are tensed when raised above the h
They may be allowed to relax for a
when the arms are brought to rest
the body, but must be tensed again bef
thrown up during the lunge.

The movements must be smart and rapid
arms being brought up quickly, and not m
raised slowly in front of the face.

GETTING FIT FOR CYCLING

The majority of cyclists go in for the sp
Saturday afternoon only, and if they are to
this splendid recreation to the full, it is
that they should prepare themselves bef
run, and keep themselves fit afterwards.

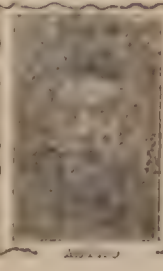
I advise you to turn up the back numbe
THE MODERN MAN, and go through the ra
leg exercises which I have given. Man
these I specially designed for the cyclist,
they will be found to put his muscles in fi
dition in a minimum space of time.

Much discomfort may be avoided at
ginning of the season by taking a little
thought and letting one's muscles down
means of some preliminary exercises. For
It is the same with most sports. For
riding one can prepare the leg muscles with
of the "squatting" exercises, while the ro
enthusiast will practise swinging, seated
large dictionary or something of the sort
weeks before the season begins.

There are the leg exercises for the runner
arm exercises for the boxer, the lunging
cises for the [illegible] every form of s
has exercises more specially appropriate
So it is with cycling, and you may
quite fit before you start riding.

In spite of all preparation, however, yo
that during your first long run your mu
become fatigued sooner than you expected. W
this happens you should dismount and walk
a spell; this is much better than sitting d
and resting, as a new set of muscles is c
into play, and the tired and tightened ones
slackened out.

When you come home it is not sufficient
you should merely have a bath; you should
a thorough rubbing and massaging as well
you have a chum who can do this for you,
and good, but there is not much di
doing it for yourself, as the muscles wh
quire attention from the cyclist are chiefly
of the legs.



SUCCESS OR FAILURE IN
THE PHYSICAL CULTURE
PROFESSION

depends absolutely on [illegible]
adopted. "The Art of
Physical Culture," P.O. [illegible]
formation that comm[illegible]
failure in the
Write now to ASTLEY
James Street, Greenville, Kent.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By Adam Stern.

OF THESE STORIES IS
LETE IN ITSELF.

A STRONG HAND.

...ard and ... Richard ... away at the idea, ... that ... the ... him, the more ... the invention ... it.

... such conscious ... about Richard Selby ... his nonage, ... he had realised that the achievements ... never brought to pass without a great ... of energy and an unswerving deter-...

... seated at the table in the kitchen at ... everyone in bed, he sat back in his chair, ... yellow light from the oil lamp showed ... his face that was almost akin to awe. ... before him, were he not ... the revolutionising of ... system of chain-making. ... in a flash, he had conceived the ... one problem that for so long had ... him. His plan had been to devise a ... that would ... stead of hand-wrought chain, but ... idea and its final accomplishment ... insuperable difficulties had arisen. ... had gone no farther than theory, ... practical test might prove his invention ... mically useless. But every instinct in ... clamoured that he was right and that ... unimportant-looking piece of paper, ... finished conception of a machine that ... can ... five times the speed of ...

... Richard dug his hands ..., every muscle in his body ... as the magnitude of what this ... the cords of his brain. ... four walls of the kitchen were ... Seizing his cap he went out and loosed ... and together they sped off into the open ... where there was room to think. ... by ambition, became unmanageable ... stampede of imaginings slackened, ... it Richard's steps slowed to more ... movement. ... the intimacy between man and dog; ... to be spoken of lightly. This night ... listened, in the silence of complete ... and understanding, to confessions that ... would have blushed to relate in the ... day.

II.

... characteristic of Richard that he made ... of the matter until he was satisfied ... not mistaken. When he communicated ... to Mr. Hezekiah Guest it took that ... some time to realise its full meaning. ... his display of depreciation would have ... enthusiasm of anyone less strong- ... than Richard.

... if the ... do all yo' say," he ... "it ain't a ... bit o' good. Y' see, ... secret of ... Country chain is its ... and. Folks can get any amount ... if they wants it, but it's the ... toughness of our'n as counts, an' ... get that wi' a machine."

"The chain'll be ... machine will use ... So far I can ... exactly the same ... instead of the men. ... such the light stuff, but I don't see why, in time, there shouldn't be made a machine that would turn out any size required."

Guest tugged at his beard, pondering. There was something about Richard's quiet assurance that impressed him, and he knew this young foreman of his was not given to idle boasting. But it would have been unlike him to admit it without a good show of resistance.

"I don't deny yo're pushin', Richard," he said, the concession being sarcastic in itself. "All young chaps gets attacks o' reform as sure as growin' pains."

"And they get over 'em," summarised Richard. "That's the trouble!"

"But yo' don't, eh?" said Guest. "Well, if what yo' say about that 'ere idea's right, yo're gooin' to 'ave every man's 'and in the district agen yer, partic'ly th' owners." He laughed. "An' then, God 'elp yer!"

"That wouldn't frighten you any more than me," smiled Richard.

"Shakes! yo' don't think I'm 'avin' ou't to do with it, do yer? No new-fangled notions for me. What's kept me boy an' man'll last me all me life, thankee."

"Righto," said Richard, turning to go.

"'Ere!" exclaimed Guest quickly. "—Er, got it patented yet?"

"The plans will go off at the end of the week if I can get 'em done," replied Richard.

"Ah, an' likely yo'll find they're an infringement," said Guest, exasperation making him spiteful.

Richard gazed back thoughtfully. In his mind this very doubt existed, too, as was natural, but that Guest should put it into words riled him.

"Any'ow," said Guest, capitulating, "don't goo offerin' the secret to anybody else till yo're sure."

"I won't," said Richard promptly. "My idea is that Guest and Co. should have the chance to reap the benefit first."

With that remark he went.

Guest stood for a moment watching his retreating figure. The present style of the firm was his own name alone. He wondered whether Richard had tacked on "and Co." accidentally.

"Guts, 'e's got," he said *sotto voce*; and, though the remark was far from choice, his black beard concealed a not unadmiring grin.

III.

As a business man Guest possessed a good amount of shrewdness, but he lacked the natural reticence of Richard. Moreover, he often fell into the mistake, common to straightforward men, of estimating the character of others by his own.

It chanced that the same afternoon he ran across Jake Thorn, hardly a less important manufacturer in Moulden than himself.

The *bonhomie* between the Black Countrymen is perhaps unexcelled in any part of the country, and, until recently, despite the clash of competition Guest and Thorn had been on good terms.

Then Thorn had indulged in a bit of sharp practice, on an occasion already narrated, since which time their recognition on meeting had been confined to a nod.

To-day, however, Guest greeted his rival with every symptom of returned cordiality.

Some impulse to exhibit the progressive spirit of his firm urged him and could not be restrained. Besides, he wanted Thorn's opinion of the innovation.

Over drinks, the fox-like face of his sandy-haired companion became intensely interested as Guest told his tale, ornamenting it with many elaborate details.

"Me an' Selby 'as done it," he concluded mendaciously, "an' take it from me, we look like knockin' everybody else out o' the bloomin' business."

There was an undisguised look of discomfiture on Thorn's face, and Guest slapped his shoulder facetiously.

"Floors yo' a bit, eh?" he laughed.

"Nothin' o' the kind," retorted the other, taunted into frankness, "considerin' that Derwood's been workin' on the same idea for months."

"What! That sneakin' partner o' yours! Don't tell me!"

"It's right," reiterated Thorn. "Derwood's as good as completed a like machine 'isself; an' that bein' so, I should think we'd do well to combine forces."

Still Guest looked incredulous.

"Well," said Thorn, "if yo' likes to come along to the works wi' me yo' can see for yourself. Derwood's there to-day."

Not without some apprehensions that he had said too much, Guest accompanied him, and the result confirmed what Thorn had stated.

Already they had a machine erected, though Derwood, immaculately dressed and blandly supercilious as usual, readily admitted that in working it was as yet imperfect.

"It looks like being a race between us," he said pleasantly, and then began to pump Guest about his invention. To his utter surprise Guest revealed a complete ignorance of machinery, and with the conviction that he was being hoaxed Derwood cut the interview short.

When Guest had gone he turned fiercely on Thorn, demanding to know why he had been fool enough to talk about their much-cherished secret.

Thorn hotly denied the accusation.

"If it ain't Guest it's young Selby as is on the same tack as ourselves," he protested.

"Selby? That bullying young devil that came and half-strangled me! By gad! if you're right I'd stick at nothing to get even with him."

"Yes; an' if I'm right," snarled Thorn, "yo' can bet y' last quid as 'is machine'll work; which is more'n can be said o' that scrap-iron o' yourn."

Derwood paced up and down with bowed head.

"Could we buy him out?" he asked suddenly, "and see to it that the agreement wasn't quite in order?"

"The man as could bribe Richard Selby ain't born," said Thorn. "I know, 'cause I've tried."

Derwood's thin lips set into a cruel line.

"I'll have that secret off him," he said quietly. "You heard Guest say that it had gone no farther than plans. It's a hundred to one that Selby carries them on him. Here, come and sit down. Where there's a will, you know."

Then for some time the two conferred in undertones, and when the conversation was over the unpleasantness on Derwood's face had noticeably increased, and was mingled now with cold satisfaction.

IV.

Night was closing down rapidly. The gliding water of the Severn reflected the blue grey of the sky; over everything, trees, river, and Richard himself, sank a calm stillness. He was perched on a mound, hugging his knees, comfortably wrapped in soliloquy, his whippet outstretched beside him.

At intervals a little splash told when a trout rose to the flies; now and again a bird called; but these tiny musical notes served only to make the peacefulness more profound.

The plans were completed. Richard had wandered far from the smoke of the town, so as to work undisturbed and also indulge his insatiable love for the country.

He loved the country as few but an unwilling towndweller can. It was spacious and seemed to give scope to his increasing spirit; it was at once stimulating and soothing.

To sit by the riverside and see day wane and disappear and the great overwhelming shadow

of night creep up from the east, was one of the purest pleasures in life.

And with it all, he had the soothing sense of work performed.

The peace of solitude, he reflected, must be matched by peace within.

He looked at his watch.

In another half-hour he must be going, if he meant to get back to Moulden to-night.

In imagination he saw Moulden, like a dark pool in a hollow, and contrasted it with this.

Moulden had been his home, his life. But now he felt working within him the knowledge that Moulden was not big enough to hold him for always.

He was mastering it, shaping it to his use, as he had been doing with the iron all his life.

This invention that was going to give him Power was merely an upthrow from internal unrest, an example of the strength of Man pitted against the forces of Circumstance.

The belief came to him that in each individual were possibilities for greatness, and that greatness lay in the extent of the struggle one put up.

As a physical fight exhilarated the body, so the mental combat against inherited weakness strengthened the character.

From the lane behind him, which for a little way ran parallel with the river, came the rattle of hoofs and the gentle grind of wheels.

The sound brought the reality that time was slipping by, and Richard got to his feet and stretched.

For still another minute he lingered to watch the shadows on the water, then he became aware that a little distance away the vehicle had stopped.

He could hear the horse pawing the road, for the night was very still, but the vehicle itself was out of sight, and he could not know what its occupants had stopped for.

Presently there came from behind the sound of a snapping twig and, immediately on top of it, a half-suppressed curse.

Simultaneously Lightning growled, and three men appeared through a break in the low hedge lining the lane. They sauntered down to the bank and along in the direction of Richard, who looked towards them casually.

The gloom made it difficult to discern their features, but some instinct made Richard wary.

As they drew level, one of them asked Richard for a match. The other two strolled by, and Richard obliged him.

The man struck a light and held it in the air for a moment, scrutinising Richard.

Suddenly he bent and clutched Richard's thigh desperately.

"It's him!" he shouted, hanging on with all his might, his head ducked low to avoid trouble.

One staggering shock of the blood, and Richard knew they were after the plans—his plans, which at that moment were as precious to him as life itself.

Then, with the understanding of their purpose, Hell was let loose in him.

His maddened fingers dragged up the face of the attacker, but ere he could wreak his will on it the others had flung themselves at him.

Richard fought like a demon, with knees, fists and head, but with an inward groan he realised that they were too much for him. Hands and legs held him inextricably.

It became a wild fury of wrestling, hissing breath, staccato oaths.

Lightning was busy meantime, working silently, trying to gnaw a way into the leg of one of the aggressors, but, unfortunately for the efficacy of his attack, he had selected a man who was wearing thick gaiters, and it is doubtful whether his teeth were felt at all. Certainly no attention was paid to them or him.

There was only one hope, and Richard fought for it grimly.

Nearer and nearer to the river edge he worked, husbanding his strength for one superhuman effort. Then, at last, straining on slipping feet, almost erect, he lifted his enemies with him irresistibly, and gave a savage backward fling.

With a mighty splash the four of them went into the river. Lightning stood on the bank, barking hysterically, and then plunged in after them.

Richard felt all release him but one, and in the water for a second or two the struggle continued. Then he was free.

The water here was not deep enough to be dangerous, but from the terrified shouts of the men Richard concluded that none of them could swim. They paid no heed to him, but stumbled towards the bank. Two of them reached it safely, but the third fell and his yell terminated in a gurgle.

On the silver surface of the water Richard saw a head appear, then sink, and reappear further down stream. Without hesitation he swam after it.

"Steady, you fool!" he said, as the man clutched him madly. "You can touch bottom if you'll only keep your head."

By the time he reached the side the others had run along the bank to assist him.

"Now, give us yer 'and, matey," said one, when the half-drowned scoundrel was safe.

Richard grasped it and was hoisted ashore also.

"Bli' me!" said the man, still retaining his grip and pumping vigorously. "Yo'm a good 'un if ever there was one! And lads, we're nothin' but——"

His self-abusive vocabulary is unprintable, but when it was over he asked Richard, rather shamefacedly, if he would accept a lift to Moulden.

It says much for Richard's insight into his fellow-men that he consented without a thought of future danger.

"You're Britishers at bottom," he said cheerfully, "though you do act the damned fool sometimes. I'll have this out with the insane, paid you. Lightning! come along, m' son."

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—Ed.]

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, *properly* administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

ALL CHEMISTS, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

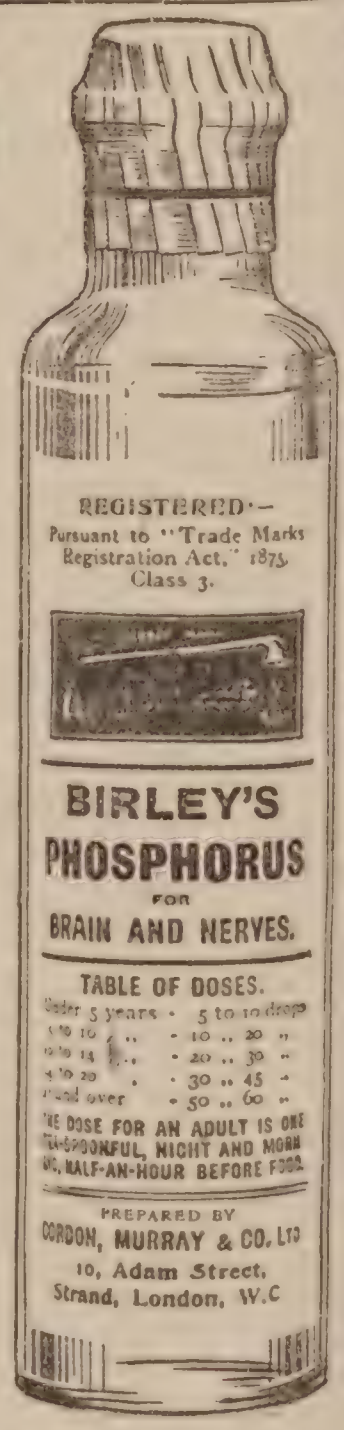

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TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 15 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
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THIS BOTTLE FREE

SEND THIS COUPON TO GORDON M... and Co., L...

A STIFF UPPER LIP.

AND ITS USES.

There is sometimes wisdom in a music-hall song. "Never introduce your donah to a pal!" is excellent advice, and the other night at a small music-hall I heard a song which struck me as giving a useful "tip" to all men. The refrain was "Never tell your troubles to the world," and surely there is plenty of good "horse-sense" in that precept.

The man who tells the world his woes, who lets people know when he is down, makes more or less kind of a mistake.

In the first place, he bores people. As the old song goes: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone." There is so much sorrow in the world that people want to get away from it. You may be willing to forgive a man who has done you a serious injury, but the man who goes about bewailing forth his woes is never forgotten or forgiven by those upon whom he inflicts his tale of woe.

Most people have enough troubles of their own to worry about without bothering about his; he makes them feel depressed if they like him, and irritated either openly or tacitly asking for assistance which perhaps they cannot give.

Let the world know that things are going badly with you is as a matter of business almost tantamount to suicide.

Your rivals see or hear that you are in difficulties, and naturally make extra efforts to get ahead of you, whereas, had you kept a stiff upper lip and presented a bold front to the world, they would probably have thought it was no use trying to best you, and you would have had time to turn round, and, haply, retrieve your position, without anyone's having known that you had been to the rocks.

Candour is everything to a business man, and there is no surer way of destroying your credit than by wearing a gloomy or hang-dog look.

Even kind-hearted men, whose interests do not clash with yours, do not want to hear about your troubles. They may pity you sincerely, but they are bound to despise you a little for not bearing the matter more manfully.

On the other hand, if you keep on smiling, they see through the pretence, but they will admire you for it and probably will volunteer help which they would have refused had you let it be seen that you had chucked up the sponge.

Your rivals, too, may suspect your cheerful mien, but they are not sure, and they continue to treat you with the wariness due to an enemy that it will be wise not to meddle with. As you prove yourself courageous as you make preparations to hit back good and hard.

There is no advice so frequently given, so rarely put into practice, as "Don't worry," and everybody does worry more or less. But it is impossible not to worry sometimes, it is always possible to conceal the fact that you are worried, except, perhaps, from a very intimate and close observer.

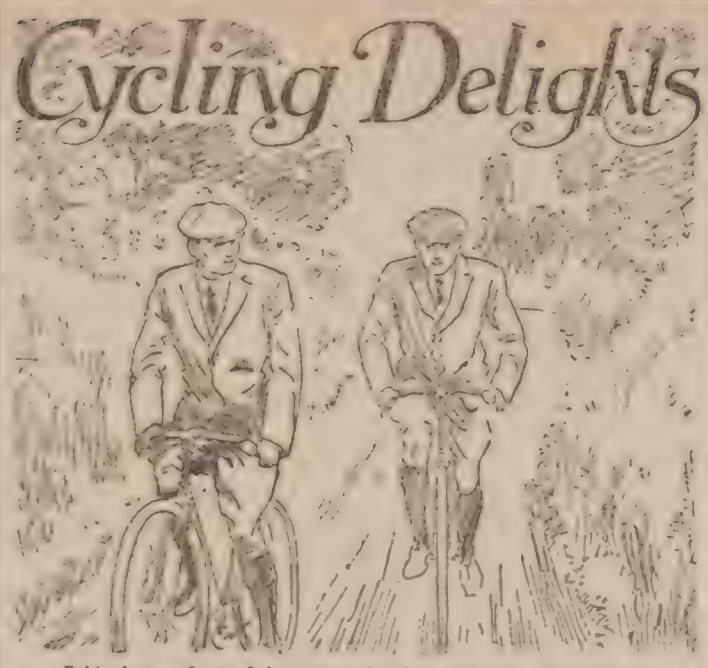
The man who tells his troubles to the world often gets the reputation of being an unlucky man, and that is fatal.

There are lots of honest, capable, clever men knocking about the world homeless and without employment, just because they have let themselves be known as "Jonahs."

It is not always wise to talk about your successes, lest you breed envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, but it is more than foolish to bemoan your ill-luck, for in time people come instinctively to associate you with failure, and don't have anything to do with you at any price.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone." It is a hard saying, but a true one. "Don't tell your troubles to the world," and you will soon have no troubles to tell, even to your secret self. The ability to keep a stiff upper lip, when Fate seems to want to drag its corners down, is the mark of a man and a sportsman.

H. Gem-Reid.



Life is good, and joy runs high.—W. E. Henley.

Punctually at 2.30 every Saturday afternoon I wheel my bike out of my lodgings; it has been well cleaned the night before, and the tyres are thoroughly hard. I ride through the streets of the town, feeling acutely sorry for all who are kept there by business, for the shopkeepers, the newsboys, and even for the policemen. I wish I could take them all with me out to the fresh country. They would be much the better for it.

It has been said that athletics do not enter into the realm of cycling unless one pedals either terrific distances or at terrific speed. Let it be so, but no one could say that my Saturday afternoon was unathletic, for I travel both fast and far.

I have been looking forward to this for a week, and I put into the first few miles all the bounding energy that has been bottling itself up within me since the time when I was last on my machine. I pedal till the frame creaks again.

When I come to inequalities of the road, I press hard on my pedals to keep myself from being bumped off. I take corners and cross-roads at a speed which I know to be foolish, but which I feel to be inevitable, so full of energy does Saturday find me.

All this is during the first ten miles. After that I settle down to the less exciting, but perhaps more real enjoyment of cycling. I have worked off the superfluous energy that was harassing me, and I am now in a fit frame of mind to appreciate the quiet delights of the country.

I believe I remember the different aspects of the hedgerows and the dykes better than does the man who is passing them by every day. To him they are commonplace; to me they are dear friends that my heart has been aching for ever since our last meeting.

Sometimes I dismount, lean my bicycle against a stile, throw back my shoulders, and fill my lungs, a bit beyond what they were made to hold, with the delicious air which Providence apparently reserves for the exclusive use of the countryman.

I have been speaking of a solitary run, for many of my cycling expeditions are solitary, but sometimes I manage to contrive that a chum comes with me. My pleasure then is every bit as good, if not better, but it is of a different kind. The first ten miles are passed under much the same circumstances as I have already described; that is to say, we race one another till we are comfortably tired. But the rest of the journey is spent differently.

With a companion I do not observe so much of the country. Rather do I observe him. He, like myself, is imbued with the tonic of the fresh air. He is more interesting, more magnetic, more of a man than I ever find him during the work-a-day week. His remarks seem to be worthy of more consideration than usual, he looks more healthy, his physique seems better.

Possibly he finds the same thing in myself. Anyhow we are better friends during that cycle run than we ever have been before, though we talk but little, pedalling on in stolid silence.

The friendly competition of the sprint, once past, we suit our pace to one another, being most careful in our mutual consideration, taking a rough part of the road here in order that the other may have a smooth passage, slowing down if there is the faintest suspicion that the other is tired, and in every way being the best of pals.

The bread and cheese lunch at the country inn, the "high tea" farther on—who shall describe their glories? But perhaps the greatest joy is the ride home. You are tired with the exercise of the day, but the crisp night air has brought fresh life to your muscles and new force to your heart. You ride up hills, their height minimised by the darkness, and you enjoy the effort required for their negotiation. You go deliriously down the other side, unconscious now of the beauties of the country, but perhaps more in sympathy with them than you have been during the daylight.

Finally you come in sight of the lights of the town. Its sordidness is clothed by the kindly darkness, its lights gleam magically and twinkle in an almost friendly way at you, and even the town seems not so black or depressing when you come to it after the delights of a Saturday cycle run.

George M. Carter.

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ENLARGES THE MOUSTACHE.

Trains and promotes the growth of moustache and beard. Contains no grease. By its use waxy appearance is obviated, nor does the moustache require twisting to a point, the hair stopping as brushed, thereby making the enlargement.

With Wax — With Baffo

READ WHAT USERS SAY—

Aldwych Theatre, Strand, London W.C., Jan. 18/09. Dear Sirs,—Kindly send me two shilling tins of "Baffo." I am highly pleased with the preparation, and find it very useful. It is quite the best thing I have ever used (I have tried a good many things too). Wishing you every success.—Yours truly, J. MAJOR WARD (Acting Manager).

The Empire, Edmonton, London. Dear Sirs,—I am just writing to tell you how pleased I am with your "Baffo." I have used this now for some years, and can truthfully say that it is, without doubt, the best moustache fixer on the market. Wishing you the success you certainly deserve.—Faithfully yours, H. BAWN (Managing Director).

Dundee. Gent emen,—Kindly send me as soon as possible one 1s. tin of your "Baffo." It is the best preparation I have ever used for the moustache; it stands the wet and keeps the moustache in position much longer than any other.—Yours truly, W. G.

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In the centre of the diagram you see a fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the columns add 15 up and down, across, and from corner to corner. If correct, and you comply with the simple condition we shall send you, A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you ENTIRELY FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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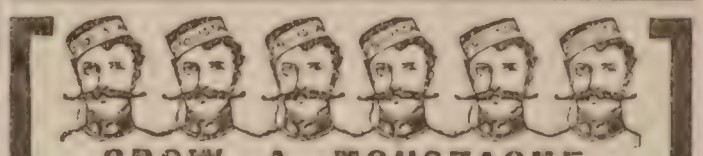

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Great is our cause for pride.—WILLIAMS.

HEROES EVERYWHERE

It is an unpleasant fact that every now and again accounts appear in the newspapers telling how men have watched others drown without making any effort to help them; but these selfish wretches are the rats of civilisation, and their cowardice is not common to the people.

The other day the writer saw an old lady slip and fall in Fleet-Street as she tried to board a motor-'bus.

For a moment she lay in the street in imminent danger of being run over by the vehicles behind.

Then half-a-dozen men darted from the pavement to her assistance and picked her up.

Their action must rank as heroic, for their lives were for a short time in jeopardy, as it had all happened so quickly that the drivers of the advancing traffic had scarcely time to pull up. Yet the men who risked their lives were just ordinary Londoners, strolling about before returning from lunch to work.

UNRECORDED HEROISM.

Had the accident happened in any other British city, the same chivalry would have been exhibited.

The fact is that deeds of heroism are so common amongst us that they are considered not worth recording. Instances of cowardice, on the other hand, strike our news providers as so revolting that they are invariably reported, with the result that from merely studying the daily papers one would suppose we had more cowards than heroes. But you must delve deeper than the newspapers to get the truth; you must study the men and women about you.

A young football player was invited to play for England in an International game. He had seated himself in the train that was to bring him to the match, when suddenly he saw a child tumble from the opposite platform on to the rails. No one else appeared to have noticed the accident, and he knew that a train was due at that platform, as so many people were waiting about. So he opened the door, dropped on the line, picked the baby up and restored it to its neglectful mother.

THE SACRIFICE OF A CAP.

Then he discovered that his own train had meanwhile steamed off, so that all hopes of getting his International cap were snatched from him, and the cap was to him at that moment dearer than life or love. He was censured for not turning up, but modesty forbade him to tell the selection committee the true reason for his absence. This little incident never found its way into the papers.

Not far from Dover a chauffeur, named Lieber, was driving a high-power motor at speed along the road at the top of the cliffs.

The road here is narrow, so that he was a fool for going at the pace he did, but he was something else.

All of a sudden a dog-cart with a couple of girls in it appeared from a side road, there was not room to pass, and Lieber was confronted with the question: "Their lives or mine?" Without a moment's hesitation he turned his car towards the sea, and fell with it down the cliffs. He lived just long enough to ask: "Are the ladies safe?" The newspapers next day briefly reported the incident, saying that the driver of a motor-car in trying to pass a dog-cart on a cliff road, had misjudged his distance and fallen over the edge. There was not a suggestion given that the man had voluntarily sacrificed his life.

Never does a shipwreck occur without some conspicuous examples of bravery on the part of the passengers, who are just ordinary men and women.

A girl allays the terrors of a boatful of shipwrecked people by singing a hymn, though her own heart is heavy as lead; a bachelor foregoes his own chances of safety to enable a married man to return safely to his wife and family.

Such things we expect, and the emergency always proves our expectations to be justified.

UNROMANTIC HEROES.

Even amongst those unromantic toilers, the sewer-workers of our great cities, we constantly find men risking their lives to save their comrades, when the latter have been made insensible by the noxious sewer gas.

So frequently do such rescues occur that the men regard them as part of their ordinary day's work. It is only when an accident occurs in a manhole and a crowd gathers in the street above that the attention of a passing reporter is attracted.

Apart from these heroes of action, there are the heroes of endurance. The man who denies himself marriage in order to support a widowed mother and a family of young brothers and sisters, is not he also a hero?

I have purposely omitted all mention of sailors, soldiers and firemen, because the quality of heroism is demanded by their calling. My endeavour has been to prove that amongst men of the ordinary, unromantic callings there is no lack of heroes.

GEORGE B. PLAYER.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH A DOG.

The average dog is perfectly ready to make friends, particularly with his owner; but there are some men who never really manage to secure the inmost affections of their canine pets.

If you remember that the dog is a sportsman, that he likes a game of any kind and that he does not readily forget injustice or neglect—then you have all the information necessary for making your dog your best friend.

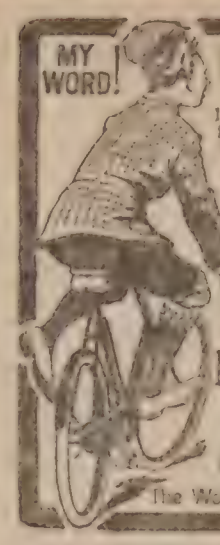
When you come home from work, your dog comes to meet you. Probably you are too tired to bother with him just then, but you should not forget to give him some sort of recognition, even though it be only a friendly smack on the nose when he jumps up and does his best to soil your trousers with his forefeet.

Some men's idea of a game with their dog is to excite him unnecessarily, but this is apt to make him snap at the wrong time.

To make a dog the best of pals, take him with you for your exercise—unless you are a scorching cyclist. Most dogs prefer exercise even to food, and the person they like best in the world is he who takes them out the most.

SMITH ON DOGS.

"Hello!" said Smith, "that's a funny looking dog you've got!" "Yes," replied Brown, "I am afraid he suffers from worms a great deal. He has a ravenous appetite, but he never looks any better." "Ah!" replied Smith, "that is because you don't feed him properly. My dog used to be just the same until I tried Molassine Dog Cakes. Since I've fed him on these he will not eat any others. They soon got to the root of his troubles. They ridded him of worms from which he was suffering and made him a healthy dog again. You try them for your dog, and you will find that they are everything that you could wish for as a dog food. You can get them from the Molassine Company, Limited, 3, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E."—ADVT.



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I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying addressed envelope, the Insurance ... and to enclose two copies for ... Postal Order for 6d.

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Address, ...

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Occupation, ...

Date, ...

Postal Orders should be made payable to the ... Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

Please Write Plainly.

A MOORLAND IMPRESSION.

re are few hard roads, but many tracks
g from farm to farm, from hamlet to
across the great levels that the people
ne moors" and the maps call Sedgemoor—
picturesque of names!

moor fascinates, beguiles, attracts, and
mes, when the rambler least expects it,
w is suddenly blotted out by rising and
nickening mists. They are the wet white
of vapour that rise in level patches above
ound and join together, forming a dense
mpenetrable curtain of danger through
the oldest peat-cutter, who has worked
me on the levels, can only grope in help-
ncertainty.

re seems a devilish purpose in these en-
g saturating blankets of wet fog. They
round the wanderer silently and in scat-
patches, waiting till they seem to know
ave him in their power, and then a breath
d will stir their ghostly hearts and they
e a thick, diffused, impenetrable mass,
g out each landmark that might aid the
er in his hurried bolt for safety on the
ground.

such a mist I found myself once lost.
n five minutes I had become as any
less vessel on the sea. The mists arose
ddenly to give me time to take my bear-
and realising my danger and helpless-
and turning round and round to try and
a glimpse of some distant familiar object
hich I might direct my course, I only
to the sense of utter isolation that began
ne upon me.

remain upon the spot seemed safest, and
e mists might last for hours, even for the
g night, and night upon the moors is no
To move on seemed equally hopeless, for
thickness of it all, no sense of direction
ality remained.

stand still, I found, meant that I should
oon be chilled and saturated by the fog

and possibly prepare an old age cursed by ague.

Certainly to move in some direction seemed the better course. If only, I thought, I kept on long enough and straight enough I should strike a road sooner or later, and once upon the road the rest seemed easy.

For someone would be passing, and I could at least ask the way—a humiliating petition for one who prided himself upon his knowledge of the country!

The harder I walked the farther I seemed to recede from any signs of help or safety. The gateways seemed strange and unnatural objects as I approached, and, look as I would, I could recognise no familiar signs about them. Isolated by the fog, and cut off from their ordinary setting, they only confirmed every doubt and misgiving as to the correctness of my direction.

Again and again I felt sure a full half hour's effort had been wasted in making a circle of the same area, and then I would strike off in an entirely opposite direction—only to come round again to the starting place.

A horrible silence fell on the moor, adding almost a terror to the maddening search for the way out.

At rare intervals the lowing of a cow would come out of the mists, but even hearing had been robbed of half its uses.

Though the sound was plain, the direction whence it came remained a mystery.

For the most part unbroken silence brooded over the moor, and a sense of coming tragedy filled the white spaces. If only I could pierce those curtains for one second and catch a glimpse of the land beyond, I knew I should be safe. But no rift or ripple showed itself; and every moment brought night and denser fog nearer.

Still I wandered on, wondering whether a lusty shout would bring an answer or only an echo, when a distant sound caught my ear.

Soon the welcome beat of a horse's hoofs came through the mists, and then I heard the homely rumble of a trap upon the highway.

It was my only chance, the first I had had, and the last I might get, of regaining the road, which was evidently not far off, and as the hoofs and the rumbling drew nearer and nearer, I set up a loud, long, and lusty "Hoi, hallo!"

The rumbling ceased, and I heard a round rich country voice sing out, "Where be yer?"

Again I answered, and in the quiet that followed I thought I heard a hurried conversation between the occupant of the cart and another.

I stood still, uncertain as to which direction to take, and was about to call again when I heard a soft rustle behind me, and as I turned I felt a wet muzzle at my hand.

The sudden contact startled me, but only for a moment, till I recognised the shaggy face and form of old "Boss," my neighbour's sheep dog. I had landed far from my own side of the moor, and had luckily fallen in with my farmer friend, who was taking the longest way round from the market town in order to avoid what he said was "certain death" by attempting the moorland track.

C. EASTON-GREY.

OR MEN ONLY.

OATINE AND SHAVING.

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This unfortunately cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap such as either the **OATINE SHAVING CREAM** (in tubes) or the **OATINE SHAVING STICK**, both of which are British-made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a

hter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth,
ting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not
ed either of the **OATINE SOAPS** for shaving do so without delay.
To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as
ATINE CREAM, which possesses special healing properties; it should be
plied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or,
tter still, rubbed into the beard over night or before the morning shave, this
s the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering
aving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

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OATINE CREAM and **OATINE SOAP** will be sent to all applicants, together
ith a copy of our Booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight
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HE OATINE CO., 79, Denman Street, London, S.E.

Glen Alva Whisky.

The Finest Old Scotch at

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THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BOX PLEATS.

In coats which you wear while indulging in certain forms of exercise and sport—more particularly golf and shooting — it is essential that you should have plenty of freedom across the back.

There are two ways of obtaining this without having the coat made so loose-fitting as to be unsightly.

You can have what is known as a "box pleat" up the centre of the back—a device often used in Norfolk coats—and have it left untacked, so as to open out when any strain is put on it laterally.

The drawback is that after a little wear the pleat will often refuse to spring back into place. and remains in an ugly half-open position.

A better plan is to have internal pleats, so that when the body is in repose all that is visible of them is a slit resembling the slashing of a Tudor doublet.

This form of pleat is much more likely to spring back into place and to keep flat and neat, owing to its being pressed against your body.

One often sees pleats of this shape set each side of the back above the shoulder-blades, especially in golf coats.

You will get a far better result if you instruct your tailor to put a single pleat right in the middle of the back, for the same amount of freedom is gained, and the shape of the coat is retained much more effectually.

RAINPROOF COATS.

The days for the heavy overcoat are now past, and we are either thinking of getting a light rainproof coat for the summer or of looking out our old one.

If the latter be your case, you will probably find that at the edge of the collar of your last summer's coat there is a black and shining rim.

This is due to the gradual melting of the stuff which they put into the cloth to make it showerproof. I believe there is an element of rubber in it—anyhow, it is sticky and the dirt adheres to it, producing an effect which is unpardonable in the man who has any pretensions to being well-dressed.

Before you try sterner measures, give the dirty collar a hard rubbing with a soap and a cloth. If that does not do the trick, apply a little benzine.

VEST SLEEVES.

The sleeves of undervests are generally made in two lengths, either to reach the wrists or else to stop at the biceps. I have seen some that come to the elbow, but they are most uncomfortable to wear, for the motion of the arm muscles sends them rucking up.

Long sleeves are now more popular than the short ones, and care must be taken when purchasing undervests to see that the sleeve is not so long that it will show underneath the cuff of your shirt.

If you have been careless regarding this matter and have bought undervests, with the sleeves rather long, you can very easily put matters right by doubling a few inches of them underneath.

Do not double the ends back, as if they are outside they will soon be rubbed down to their former position by the friction of the short sleeve.

BREECHES CONTINUATIONS.

Many breeches makers prefer cutting their garments in the form of breeches plus continuations—that is to say, the cloth of which the breeches are made stops just above the calf, and from there they are continued to the ankle by continuation of a much finer material. The advantage of this arrangement is supposed to be that the leg is not so much heated as it would be if the continuations were of the ordinary thick Bedford cord or whip cord, of which the breeches are generally made.

The idea of having riding breeches extending beneath the calf is, of course, to prevent them from moving upwards with the friction of the saddle.

Some tailors charge more for a pair of breeches with continuations than without, and if economy is a consideration, I think you might very well do without continuations altogether. If the legging is fast to the breeches, back and front, it will prevent them from riding up every bit as effectively as continuations would do, but to effect this purpose the legging must of course be close-fitting at the ankle, so that it cannot itself slip up.

I have one pair of breeches without continuations, and although I have done a fair amount of riding in them, I have never found any tendency to work upwards, but when wearing them, I am of course particularly careful to see that the gaiters are properly fixed to them.

GAUNTLET CUFFS.

I am always glad to see any novelty in men's clothes, provided it is something not too obtrusive, and I should rank gauntlet cuffs as amongst the best innovations of recent times.

These cuffs should be cut so that they lie quite close to the sleeve and do not stick out; if they project, they are too apparent and look rather bounderish.

See also that they are genuine gauntlet cuffs, that they can really be doubled down over the hand in wet or stormy weather—not that you want to double them down often, but, if made in this way, they are capable when required of fulfilling a useful purpose; where they are merely patched on to the sleeve they are only imitations and, as I have said so often, imitations are the things I hate most, whether it be in men or in clothes.

Gauntlet cuffs look particularly well on an overcoat, especially a dark one, for they serve to relieve the monotony of the large expanse of cloth.

A piping of black velvet round the top of the cuff gives an added smartness, but cuffs entirely of velvet should be avoided, owing to their capacity for holding dirt.

PUTTING ON A MUFFLER.

Whatever your fancy may run to in the matter of a muffler, there is one thing which is worthy of your attention; it is the way in which you put it on.

A muffler badly put on looks most untidy, and spoils a man's general appearance. The object in wearing a muffler is seldom to keep the neck warm, but rather to keep the collar of the coat from unduly soiling the linen collar. This being so, the ideal is to arrange the muffler so that it just does its duty without exhibiting itself at all when viewed from behind. You might attain this happy end if you spent five minutes in front of a looking glass, but of course you are not such a fool as to do that; therefore you hitch up your overcoat collar, swing the muffler round your neck, and trust to luck. That the result is not always what you might wish is only to be expected.

The right way to put on a muffler is to fold it till it is not more than three or four inches wide, then slip it round your neck before you put your overcoat on. This method will prevent the muffler from bulging up at the back in ugly folds.

BOW TIES.

Have you ever thought of doing your tie up in the form of a bow? Most of us content ourselves with the plain four-in-hand or sailor knot, but some day when you have a minute or two to spare, you might do worse than experiment in front of the looking-glass with a bow.

Bows ready put together are never worn by a man of taste; he invariably ties his own, and a self-tied bow, even if it be badly tied, always looks better than a ready-made one.

Let me warn you, however, that the bow is not a form of tie that suits every face. I know some men who wear bow ties always, and their appearance is spoilt by this particular predilection. It takes rather a strong face to carry off a bow successfully, as the dainty loops and flying ends are apt to make one look effeminate.

Distinctive Tailoring

not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

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All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send only by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Thanet House, Strand, London.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

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Flannel Suit.—36 in. chest, 5 ft. 7 in.; 12s.—213, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

White Flannel Shirts.—15; 14s.; cost a guinea. ox 214, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, don.

Gentleman clearing out Wardrobe.—Offers ted for Dark Grey Frock Coat, Lounge Suit, Dark Rainproof Overcoat; also three pairs of ts and Shoes.—Box 242, "The Modern Man," Strand, London.

eman's Blue Serge Suit and Morning Coat and t; chest 36in., height 5ft. 9in.; accept £1; llent condition.—Box 243, "The Modern Man," Strand, London.

Suit.—Cost £10 10s. (Hogg & Sons, Hanover are, London); splendid condition, as new; st 41-42in., height 5ft. 10½in.; for sale; also ner Jacket, same quality and size; £2 2s. the —Box 267, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, don.

ed.—Dark Mackintosh; cheap for cash; height, 8in.—Details to Box 246, "The Modern Man," Strand, London.

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ow Exerciser.—Good condition; also Inch's ineas Physical Culture Course; what offers for er or both?—Box 234, "The Modern Man," Strand, London.

ow's Grip Dumb-bells.—Practically new; sell 6d., with book of exercises.—Box 198, "The dern Man," 231, Strand, London.

ing Ball.—Nearly new, with all necessary fit- s and pair of Gloves to use with same; sell 12s. h; cost double; a genuine bargain.—Box 226, he Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells.—Almost new; at offers? Including book of exercises.—Box "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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Wanted.—Complete second-hand Gymnasium Outfit for Men's Club (London).—State all possible details and very lowest price to Box 256, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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Wanted.—Small portable Billiard Table, Riley's preferred; must not be more than 6ft. in length; will give £3, not more.—State particulars and where seen to Box 253, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Winchester, Colt, Savage, or Martin Automatic or Repeater Rifle; good exchange or cash; approval.—Brown, 7, Booth Terrace, Nairn.

Wanted.—Punching Ball; cheap; in good condition.—Particulars to Box 199, "The Modern Man" 231, Strand, London.

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HOBBIES.

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Folding Pocket Camera.—"Wizard Duplex"; ¼-plate; R.R. Lens; cost over £4, accept £3.—Box 231, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

3½-h.p. Motor Cycle.—Long, low; new condition; £16.—Hole, 12, Lind Road, Sutton, Surrey.

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BOOKS.

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"DIGS."

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Lady Collins

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